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WHITE FANG
ALL NEW MARVEL CLASSICS COMICS
WHITE FANG
ADAPTED FROM THE CLASSIC NOVEL BY JACK LONDON
THE INCREDIBLE SAGA OF THE GREAT WHITE WOLF WHO TURNED HIS BACK ON THE WILD TO CAST HIS LOT WITH MAN!

STAN LEE presents

WHITE FANG

ADAPTED FROM THE CLASSIC NOVEL BY **JACK LONDON**

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Jack London was born in San Francisco, California, on January 12, 1876. Upon the completion of his grammar school education, he took a variety of odd jobs, including newspaper boy, dock worker, war correspondent, and sailor. During his youth, London traveled widely, acquiring a wealth of fascinating experiences which formed the artistic cornerstone of many of his most famous works.

A rugged, solitary man, Jack London was an early exponent of the "survival of the fittest" syndrome that surfaces so clearly in many of his tales. In his best known novel, *The Call of the Wild*, taken in part from London's wanderings in Alaska during the gold rush, his belief in the potential of modern-day Man to return utterly to his most primitive state is explored in depth. In a more peripheral vein, this theme is probed in his other most popular works, *The Sea Wolf*, and *White Fang*, both of which make direct, thematic statements on the overriding urge to survive in the raw, untamed places beyond the bounds of civilization.

London's prose has the bracing qualities of a stiff sea breeze. His words sparkle with the wisdom and irreplaceable perspective of a life lived with his fellow man, and not sequestered in the ivory tower of second hand learning. His metaphors are broad, simple comparisons, though they lack none of the intellectual stimulation for all their simplicity.

At the height of his career, London's literary fame eclipsed that of any other author alive at his time. His books were the most widely read of his day and reached even into the Russia of the 1900's. Despite the enormous sums of money he earned, much of it was irretrievably lost due to his well known generosity. During the last few years of his life, he suffered greatly, finally dying on November 22, 1916, at the age of forty.

Though his life was brief, Jack London had succeeded in giving much of himself, both personally to those who knew him, and professionally to the countless many who continue to be enchanted by his work to this day.

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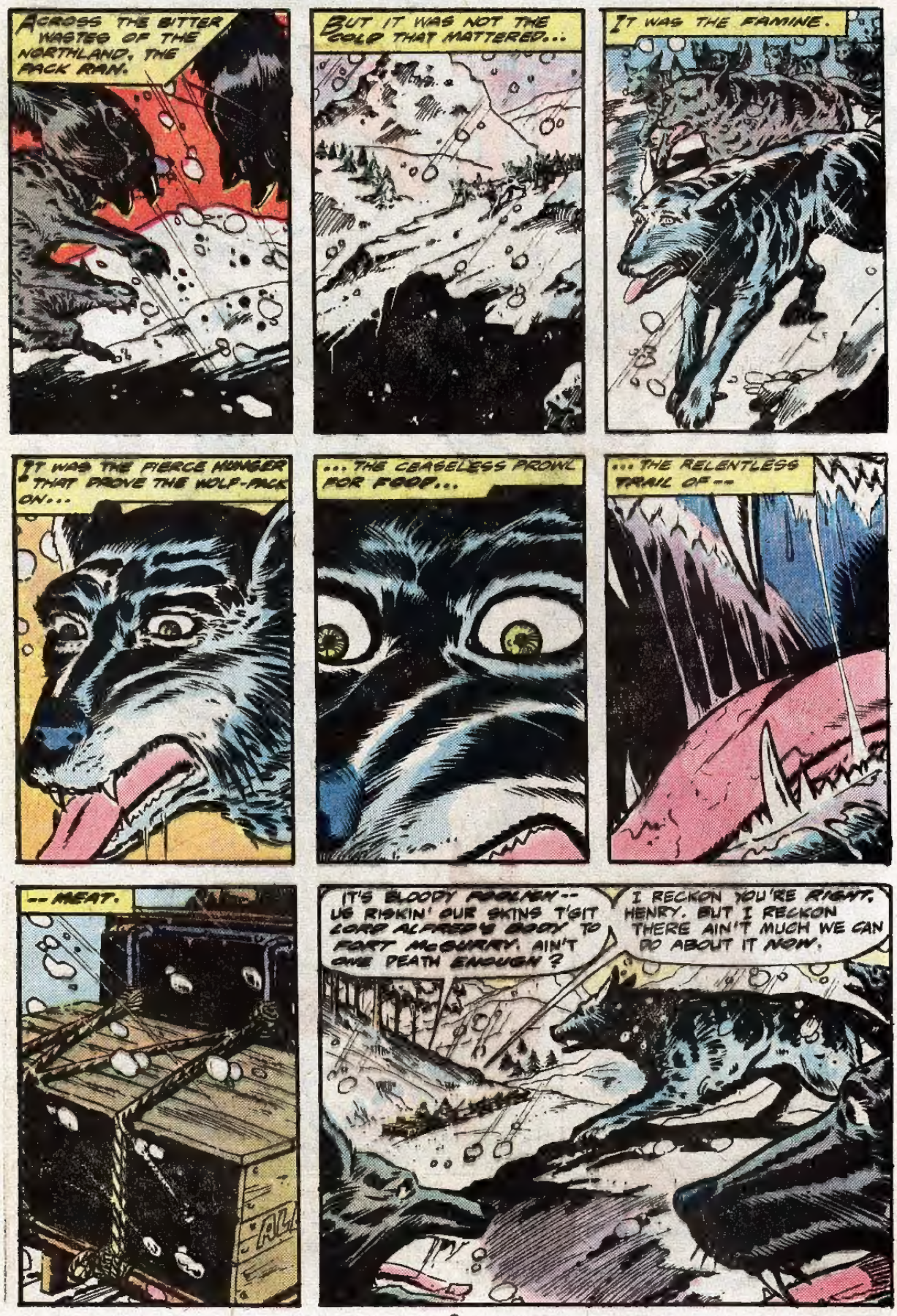
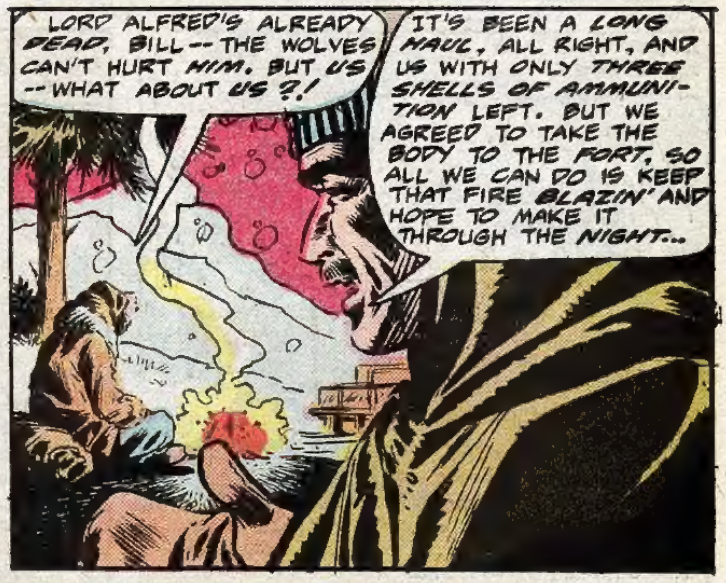
WHITE FANG
ALASKA WAS A FIERCE, ICY WILDERNESS IN 1895, AND IT WAS HERE THAT HE WAS BORN. IT WAS HERE, TOO, IN THE FROZEN NORTH, THAT HE LEARNED THE LAW OF THE WILD. THE LAW OF MEAT: EAT, OR BE EATEN.
THROUGH ALL OF HIS EXPERIENCES WITH THE MAN-GODS, HE NEVER FORGOT THAT LAW... NOR WAS HE GIVEN CAUSE TO DO SO.


ACROSS THE BITTER WASTES OF THE NORTHLAND, THE PACK RAN.
BUT IT WAS NOT THE COLD THAT MATTERED...
IT WAS THE FAMINE.
IT WAS THE FIERCE HUNGER THAT DROVE THE WOLF-PACK ON...
... THE CEASELESS PROWL FOR FOOD...
... THE RELENTLESS TRAIL OF --
-- MEAT.
IT'S BLOODY FROZEN -- US RISKIN' OUR SKINS T'GIT LORD ALFRED'S BODY TO FORT McMURRAY. AIN'T ONE DEATH ENOUGH?
I RECKON YOU'RE RIGHT, HENRY. BUT I RECKON THERE AIN'T MUCH WE CAN DO ABOUT IT NOW.

IT WAS THE SHARP, QUICK SENSES OF THE SHE-WOLF WHO LED THE PACK THAT HAD FIRST PICKED UP THE SCENT OF THE MEAT-TRAIL...
...AND IT WAS THE SHE-WOLF, NOW, WHO TURNED TO THE OTHERS...

...QUELLING THEIR IMPATIENCE WITH A LOW GROWL RUMBLING FROM HER THROAT.
URRRR
THE PACK WOULD WAIT, AND BIDE THEIR TIME IN SILENCE...

...UNTIL NIGHTFALL.
I TELL YA, BILL -- THIS'S THE WORST FIX I'VE EVER BEEN IN.


LORD ALFRED'S ALREADY DEAD, BILL -- THE WOLVES CAN'T HURT HIM. BUT US -- WHAT ABOUT US?!
IT'S BEEN A LONG HAUL, ALL RIGHT, AND US WITH ONLY THREE SHELLS OF AMMUNITION LEFT. BUT WE AGREED TO TAKE THE BODY TO THE FORT, SO ALL WE CAN DO IS KEEP THAT FIRE BLAZIN' AND HOPE TO MAKE IT THROUGH THE NIGHT...

WELL, BEST TO FEED THE DOGS. THE POOR LADS ARE EXHAUSTED -- MUST BE STARVIN'...
HERE YOU ARE, DOGS -- A FISH FOR EACH OF YOU.

THE SHE-WOLF, LESS TIMID OF MAN THAN THE REST OF THE PACK, CREPT DOWN THE RISE, CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE CAMP, CLOSER AND CLOSER TO --

--FOOD.
HEY --! WHAT THE SAM HILL --!!
WHAT IS IT, BILL? WHY'RE YOU YELPIN'--?!

I'LL BE DAD-BLASTED! THAT CRITTER CAME SMACK UP TO ME AND SNATCHED THE FISH RIGHT OUTTA MY HAND!
T'AINT NATURAL, SOMEHOW--A WOLF NOT BEIN' AFRAID OF A CAMPFIRE. T'AINT NATURAL--AND I DON'T LIKE IT.

BUT THE MEN HARDLY REALIZED THE TRUE CUNNING OF THE SHE-WOLF EVEN THEN--FOR THAT NIGHT, WHILE THEY SLEPT, THE SHE-WOLF APPEARED AGAIN...
GRRR
... TAUNTING ONE OF THE HUSKIES WITH SOFT GROWLS... BAITING HIM...

... ENTICING HIM TO THE CHASE.
IN ITS EAGERNESS TO PROTECT THE CAMP, THE DOG DID NOT REALIZE THAT IT HAD ABANDONED THE SAFETY OF THE CAMP...

... UNTIL IT HAD BEEN DECOYED FAR FROM THE CAMPFIRE, AND UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE.
ATOP THE ICY RIDGE, THE SHE-WOLF ABRUPTLY TURNED, NO LONGER EXHIBITING ANY SIGNS OF FEAR OR FLIGHT...

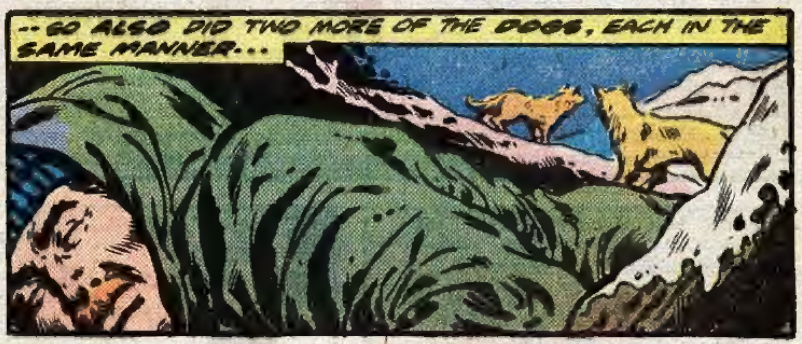
... AND HER PACK, WITH FANGS BARED, EMERGED FROM MANY PLACES, NONE SUSPECTED.
THEY SURROUNDED THE LONE, BEWILDERED HUSKY.

THEN THEY MOVED IN FOR THE KILL.

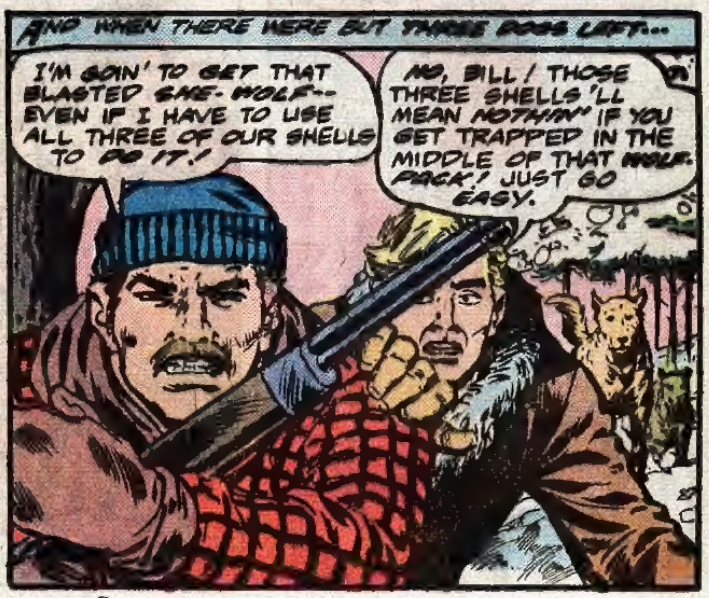
IT WAS STILL BLACK AS NIGHT AT SIX O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING WHEN THE LOSS WAS DISCOVERED...
HENRY--! ONE OF THE DOGS -- FATTY-- FATTY'S GONE!
GONE...?

FATTY ALWAYS WAS A FOOL DOG... BUT I'D STAKE MY LIFE THAT IT WAS THAT SHE-WOLF WHO TOOK HIM.
THE WIND HOWLED OVER THE BLEAK AND BARREN WASTES, SOUNDING LIKE A LOST CRY OF EVIL ... AND THE MEN KNEW IT WAS TIME TO MOVE ON.

BUT SO CRAFTY WAS THE SHE-WOLF THAT, AS THE DAYS PASSED--

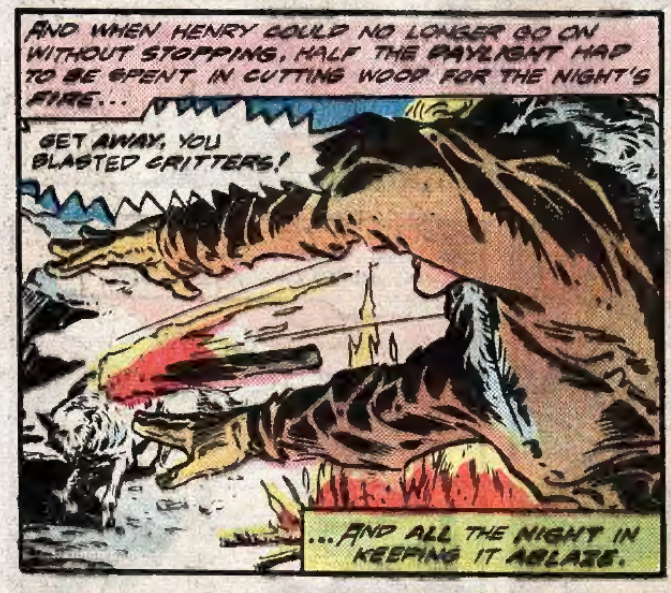

--SO ALSO DID TWO MORE OF THE DOGS, EACH IN THE SAME MANNER...

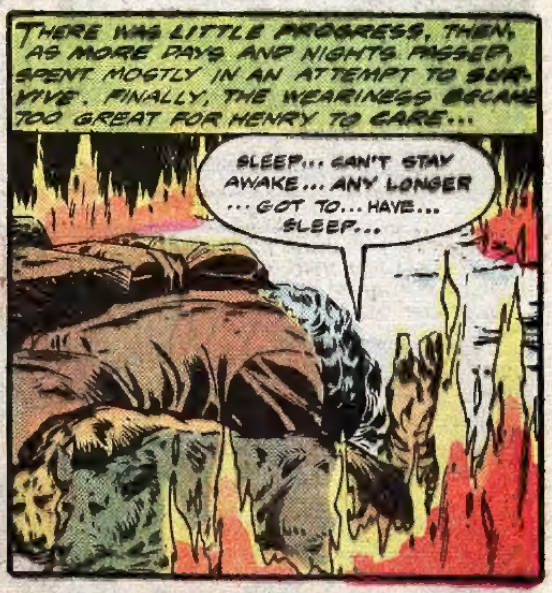
...STRAIGHT INTO THE FANGS OF THE RAVENOUS PACK.


AND WHEN THERE WERE BUT THREE DOGS LEFT...
I'M GOIN' TO GET THAT BLASTED SHE-WOLF-- EVEN IF I HAVE TO USE ALL THREE OF OUR SHELLS TO DO IT.!
NO, BILL! THOSE THREE SHELLS 'LL MEAN NOTHIN' IF YOU GET TRAPPED IN THE MIDDLE OF THAT WOLF-PACK! JUST GO EASY.

ALTHOUGH HENRY'S CAUTION WON OUT, THE HUNGER OF THE FAMISHED BEASTS ONLY GREW SHARPER. THEN, THE SLED OVERTURNED...
BLAST IT! NOW WE'LL HAVE T'UNHARNESS THE DOGS BEFORE WE CAN STRAIGHTEN OUT THIS MESS!
AND, IN BROAD DAYLIGHT...
WHAT THE--?! OF ALL THE DAD-BLASTED GALL!! THAT SHE-WOLF'S LEADIN' ONE-EAR OFF--RIGHT IN FRONT O' OUR EYES! WHERE'S THE RIFLE--?!
GO EASY NOW, BILL...
DON'T GET CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THAT PACK --'CUZ IF Y'DO, THERE'LL BE NOTHIN' I CAN DO TO HELP YOU.
DON'T WORRY, HENRY--I'LL SPOT MY SHOTS AND MAKE 'EM COUNT!
THAT BLASTED SHE CRITTER WON'T GET ANY MORE OF OUR DOGS--NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!
BUT AS HENRY WATCHED HIS COMPANION DEPART, HE KNEW THERE WAS NO SUCH THING AS "SPOTTING YOUR SHOTS"...
...NOT WHEN YOU'RE AT THE MERCY OF STARVING MARAUDERS.
N-NO...!
BLAM
NO!! HELP-- HELP!! NOOOO!!
RRRRRR
BLAM
HENRY WAS RIGHT...
...AND THERE WASN'T A LOUSY THING HE COULD DO ABOUT IT.
BLAM
RRRRRR
GROWRR
YAAAEEEEE
THERE HAD BEEN THREE BULLETS, THE SOUND OF THE THIRD KILLED ALL HOPE.

THERE WOULD BE NO MORE REST NOW, NO MORE MEALS, NO MORE SLEEP. FOR, HENRY'S EVERY MOVE WAS HAUNTED BY THE FIERCE, RELENTLESS PACK...
THE DAYS AND NIGHTS PASSED IN AGONY...


AND WHEN HENRY COULD NO LONGER GO ON WITHOUT STOPPING, HALF THE DAYLIGHT HAD TO BE SPENT IN CUTTING WOOD FOR THE NIGHT'S FIRE...
GET AWAY, YOU BLASTED CRITTERS!
...AND ALL THE NIGHT IN KEEPING IT ABLAZE.

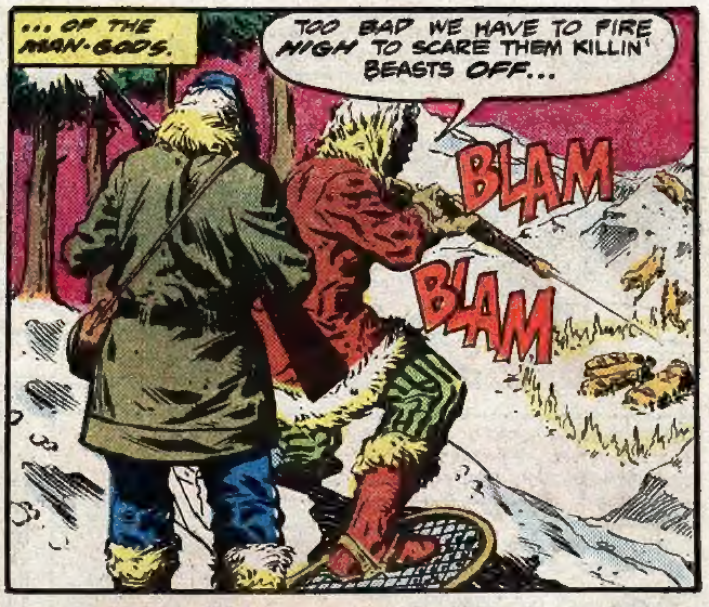

THERE WAS LITTLE PROGRESS, THEN, AS MORE DAYS AND NIGHTS PASSED, SPENT MOSTLY IN AN ATTEMPT TO SURVIVE. FINALLY, THE WEARINESS BECAME TOO GREAT FOR HENRY TO CARE...
SLEEP... CAN'T STAY AWAKE... ANY LONGER ... GOT TO... HAVE... SLEEP...

AND SO HENRY SLEPT, AND THE FIRE BURNED LOWER...
...AND THE STARVED WOLVES BEGAN SLINKING EVER CLOSER TO THE KILL.

THEN, WITH A LOW SNARL, THE SHE-WOLF LEAPED OVER THE GUTTERING FLAME...
GRRAKK
...BIDDING THE REST OF HER PACK TO DO LIKEWISE.

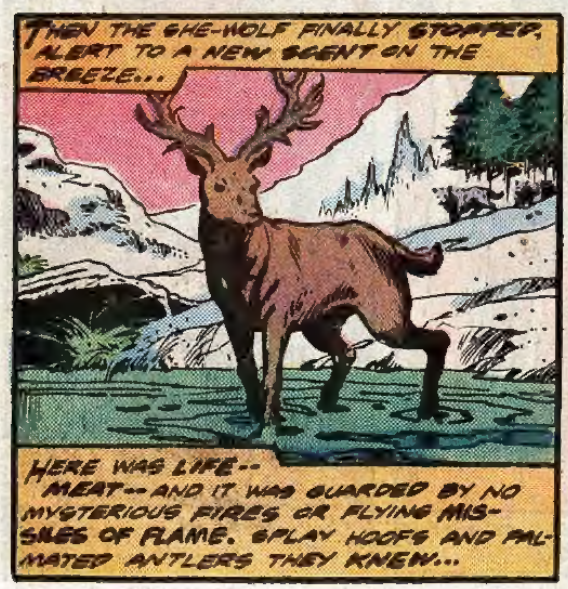
AS EVER, THE PACK OBEYED HER, AT LAST CONQUERING THEIR FEAR OF THE HATED FLAME.
NOW NOTHING COULD STOP THE KILL...

BUT SUDDENLY THE SHE-WOLF STOOD TENSE AND ALERT, HALTING THE ATTACK, HER KEEN SENSES RECEIVING AN ALARM OF APPROACHING DANGER...


... OF THE MAN-GODS.
TOO BAD WE HAVE TO FIRE HIGH TO SCARE THEM KILLIN' BEASTS OFF...
BLAM
BLAM

AYE -- I'D LIKE TO PUT A SLUG INTO THE SKULL OF EACH AND EVERY ONE OF 'EM!!
WH-WHAT... ?
BLAM
BLAM
TOO WEAK TO BE THANKFUL ABOUT IT, HENRY WAS MUCH CLOSER TO FORT McGURRY THAN HE REALIZED.

AND SO, IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, THE PACK TOOK TO THE TRAIL AGAIN, MORE LIKE SKELETONS THAN WOLVES.
BUT NO LIFE STIRRED. THEY ALONE MOVED THROUGH THE VAST WHITE INERTNESS... RUNNING, RUNNING, EVER RUNNING.


THEN THE SHE-WOLF FINALLY STOPPED, ALERT TO A NEW SCENT ON THE BREEZE...
HERE WAS LIFE -- MEAT -- AND IT WAS GUARDED BY NO MYSTERIOUS FIRES OR FLYING MISSILES OF FLAME. SPLAY HOOFS AND PALMATED ANTLERS THEY KNEW...

... AND SO THEY FLUNG THEIR CUSTOMARY CAUTION TO THE WINDS.
BUT ON EVERY SIDE, THE BULL MOOSE RIPPED THE WOLVES OPEN AND SPLIT THEIR SKULLS WITH HIS GREAT HOOFS, BUT HE WAS FOREDOOMED... AND WENT DOWN WITH THE SHE-WOLF SAVAGELY AT HIS THROAT.

With the famine over, the pack split up. Now there remained only four: the great gray one, the elder one-eyed one, and the ambitious three-year-old--

--all three of whom, males, vied for the attentions of the she-wolf.

There soon came a day when the three year-old grew too ambitious in his desires, and attacked the elder one-eye.

And though the grizzled one-eye was pitted against youth and vigor, he had learned wisdom and the fight was fairly matched.

Then the great gray one joined one-eye in his struggle against the three-year-old... and it was clear that the younger wolf would soon be finished.

As the great gray one turned to lick his wounds, it became evident that the elder wolf had not lost an eye without learning valuable experience...

For, seeing the great gray one's exposed neck--

--one-eye darted low and clogged with his fangs. And all the while, the she-wolf sat on her haunches and smiled, made glad in vague ways by the battle.

This was the love-making of the wild--tragedy only for those who died, but great achievement for the victor.

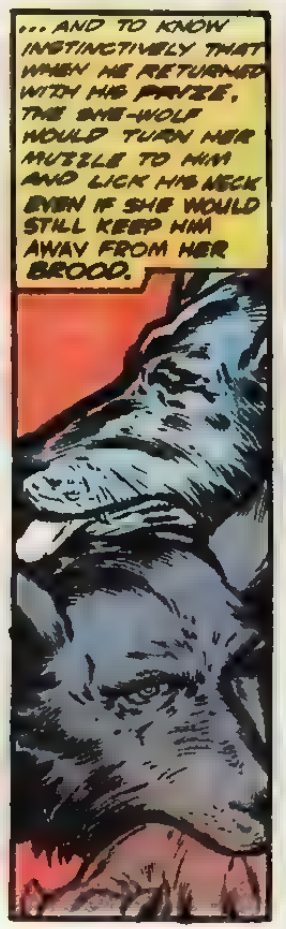
And for the first time, the she-wolf met one-eye in a kindly manner. Forgotten were the vanquished rivals ... the love-tale red-written in the snow.

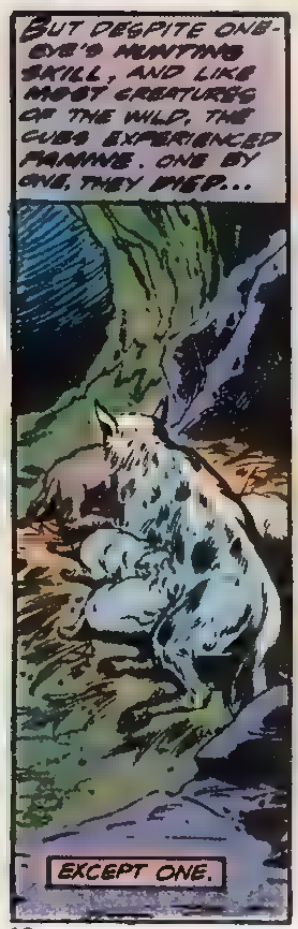
IN TIME, ONE-EYE AND THE SHE-WOLF FOUND A LAIR, CLAIMING IT FOR PROTECTION FROM THE ELEMENTS...

... AND ON A DAY WHEN ONE-EYE WAS OUT HUNTING MEAT, FIVE SMALL CUBS WERE BORN TO THE SHE-WOLF.

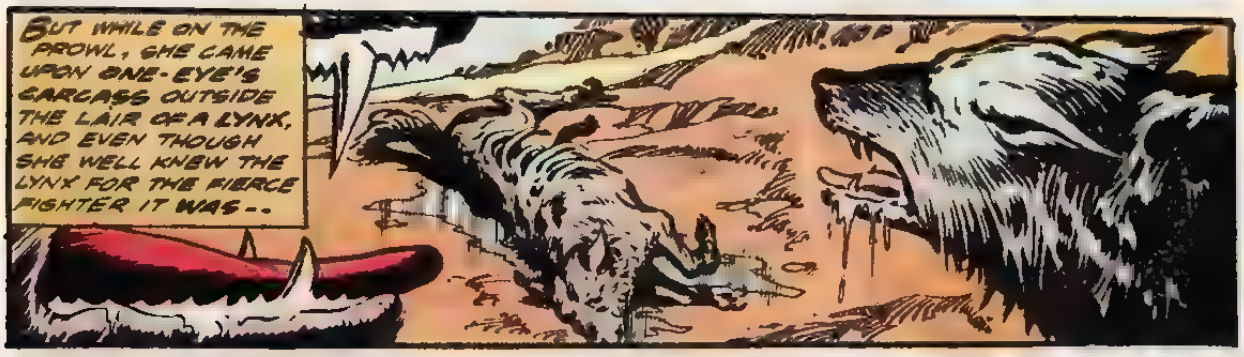
WHEN ONE-EYE RETURNED, HE NOTICED A NEW THREAT IN THE SHE-WOLF'S WARNING SNARL, AND HE WAS CAREFUL TO KEEP A RESPECTFUL DISTANCE FROM THE LITTLE BUNDLES OF LIFE THAT MADE SOFT WHIMPERING NOISES.
URRRRR
FEELING AN IMPULSE THAT HAD COME DOWN TO HIM FROM ALL THE FATHERS OF WOLVES, HE DID NOT QUESTION THE PRESENCE OF THE CUBS...

IT WAS FOR HIM TO GO OFF ON THE MEAT-TRAIL, TO PROVIDE FOR HIS NEWBORN FAMILY...

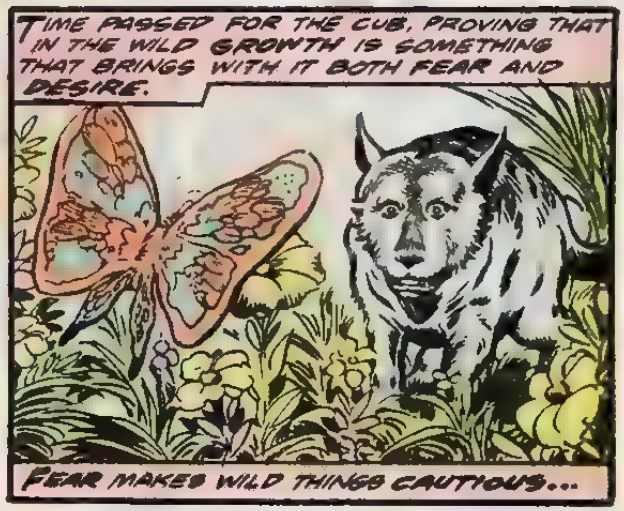

... AND TO KNOW INSTINCTIVELY THAT WHEN HE RETURNED WITH HIS PRIZE, THE SHE-WOLF WOULD TURN HER MUZZLE TO HIM AND LICK HIS NECK EVEN IF SHE WOULD STILL KEEP HIM AWAY FROM HER BROOD.

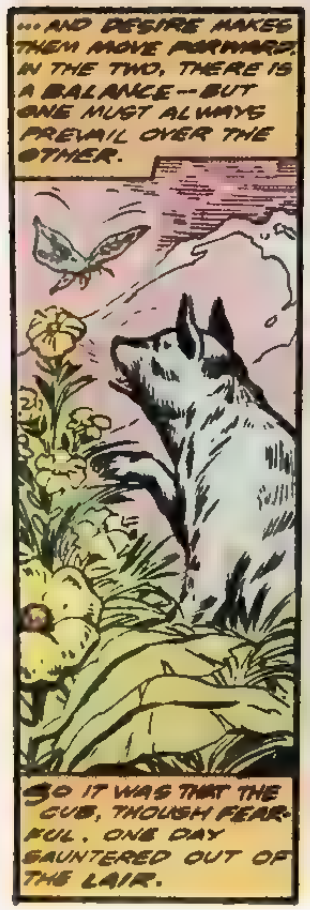

BUT DESPITE ONE-EYE'S HUNTING SKILL, AND LIKE MOST CREATURES OF THE WILD, THE CUBS EXPERIENCED FAMINE. ONE BY ONE, THEY DIED...
EXCEPT ONE.

AND WHEN, ONE DAY, ONE-EYE FAILED TO RETURN, THE SHE-WOLF WENT FORTH HERSELF TO FORAGE FOR FOOD. SHE DID NOT STOP TO REASON WHY ONE-EYE HAD NOT COME BACK...
... FOR IN THE WILD, LIFE MUST BE MET EACH DAY AS IT HAPPENS. THERE IS LITTLE THOUGHT FOR THE FUTURE, NONE FOR THE PAST.


BUT WHILE ON THE PROWL, SHE CAME UPON ONE-EYE'S CARCASS OUTSIDE THE LAIR OF A LYNX, AND EVEN THOUGH SHE WELL KNEW THE LYNX FOR THE FIERCE FIGHTER IT WAS--

--SHE DARED THE OMINOUS LAIR AND STOLE A LYNX KITTEN.
HER MATE HAD BEEN REMEMBERED... AND HER CUB WOULD EAT.


TIME PASSED FOR THE CUB, PROVING THAT IN THE WILD GROWTH IS SOMETHING THAT BRINGS WITH IT BOTH FEAR AND DESIRE.
FEAR MAKES WILD THINGS CAUTIOUS...


...AND DESIRE MAKES THEM MOVE FORWARD. IN THE TWO, THERE IS A BALANCE--BUT ONE MUST ALWAYS PREVAIL OVER THE OTHER.
SO IT WAS THAT THE CUB, THOUGH FEARFUL, ONE DAY SAUNTERED OUT OF THE LAIR.

IT WAS NOT EASY, THIS BUSINESS OF GOING OUT INTO THE WORLD. THERE WERE MANY MISTAKES AVAILABLE, MANY THINGS TO LEARN.
ALMOST AT ONCE THE CUB CAME UPON A NEST OF PTARMIGAN CHICKS IN THE BRUSH--

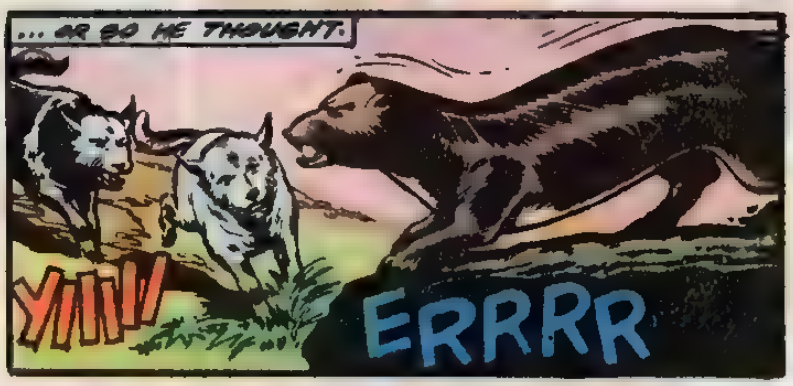
--AND WAS ATTACKED BY A FEATHERED WHIRLWIND!
LYNX

CONFUSED, THE CUB WAS NEVERTHELESS THRILLED BY THIS NEW EXPERIENCE. IT WAS HIS FIRST CONTACT WITH THE TRAIL OF MEAT, AND HE FORGOT ALL FEAR...
...UNTIL--

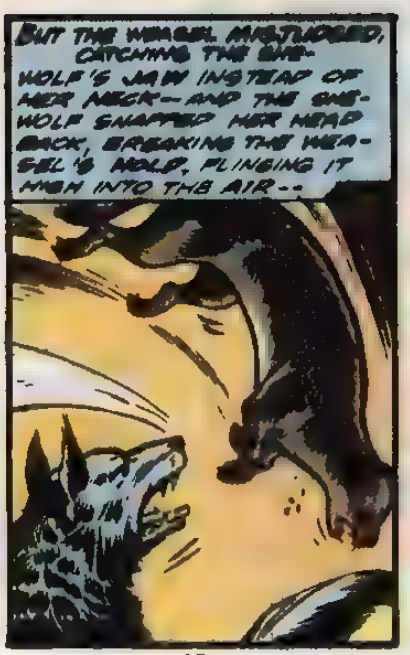
--A TERRIBLE SOMETHING SLASHED FROM THE SKY AND SNATCHED THE PTARMIGAN HEN IN ITS TALONS.
THE CUB DID NOT KNOW THE HAWK, AND HE FLED, PROMPTLY PARALYZED OF FEAR.

THE CUB HAD NEVER BEFORE RUN SO HARD AND HE WAS GREATLY TIRED. HE SPRAWLED ALONG WANTING NOTHING BUT HIS MOTHER...
THEN HE SAW THE WEASEL AND HER YOUNG ONE.

NOW HERE WAS SOMETHING SMALL, SOMETHING HE COULD MANGLE...
GRRRRR

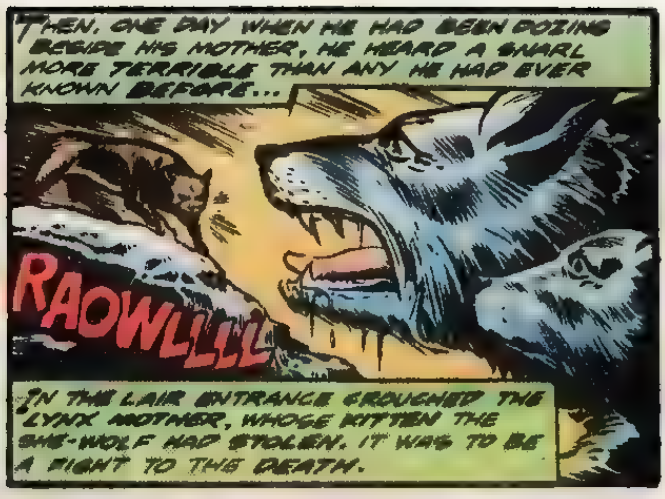

... OR SO HE THOUGHT.
YIII!
ERRRR

JUST THEN, HAVING SOUGHT OUT HER CUB, THE SHE-WOLF BURST UPON THE SCENE--AND THE VICIOUS WEASEL LUNGED AT THE NEW ENEMY...
GROORRR

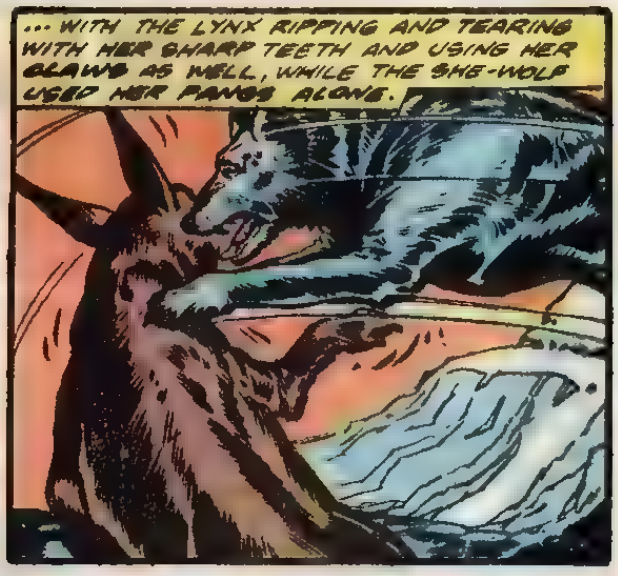

BUT THE WEASEL MISJUDGED, CATCHING THE SHE-WOLF'S JAW INSTEAD OF HER NECK--AND THE SHE-WOLF SNAPPED HER HEAD BACK, BREAKING THE WEASEL'S HOLD, FLINGING IT HIGH INTO THE AIR--

--AND CATCHING IT WITH A SINGLE FATAL SNAP OF HER POWERFUL JAWS.
IT WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SIGHT THE CUB HAD EVER BEHELD.

THE CUB'S DEVELOPMENT WAS RAPID. VENTURING FROM THE LAIR QUITE OFTEN NOW, HE BEGAN TO FEEL A GROWING POWER IN HIS FLESH...


THEN, ONE DAY WHEN HE HAD BEEN DOZING BESIDE HIS MOTHER, HE HEARD A SNARL MORE TERRIBLE THAN ANY HE HAD EVER KNOWN BEFORE...
RAOWLLLL
IN THE LAIR ENTRANCE CROUCHED THE LYNX MOTHER, WHOSE KITTEN THE SHE-WOLF HAD STOLEN. IT WAS TO BE A FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

AMIDST TREMENDOUS SNARLING, SPITTING, AND SCREECHING, THE TWO ANIMALS CLASHED...
RAARRR
ESSSTT

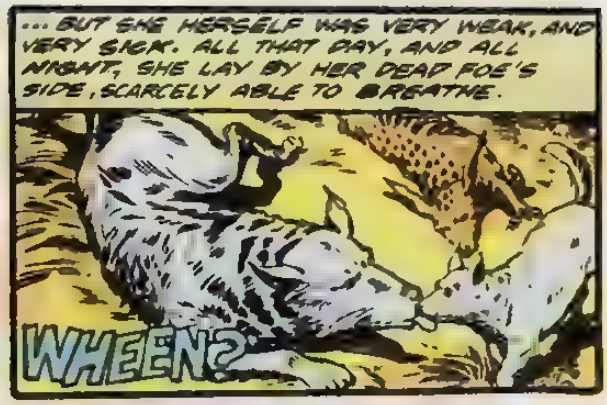

... WITH THE LYNX RIPPING AND TEARING WITH HER SHARP TEETH AND USING HER CLAWS AS WELL, WHILE THE SHE-WOLF USED HER FANGS ALONE.

FINALLY, THE CUB SUMMONED ENOUGH COURAGE TO SPRING IN AND CLAMP HIS TEETH INTO THE HIND LEG OF THE LYNX...

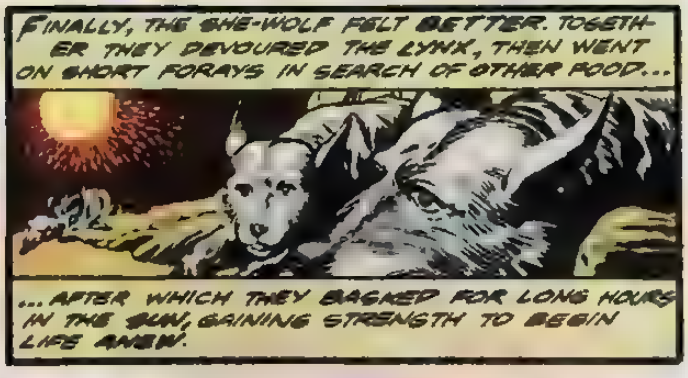
THE SAVAGE LYNX SEPARATED FROM THE SHE-WOLF, TURNING OUT AT THE CUB...
YIIEEEE
SHRAIL
THE VICIOUS SLASH SENT HIM HURTLING AGAINST THE LAIR WALL...

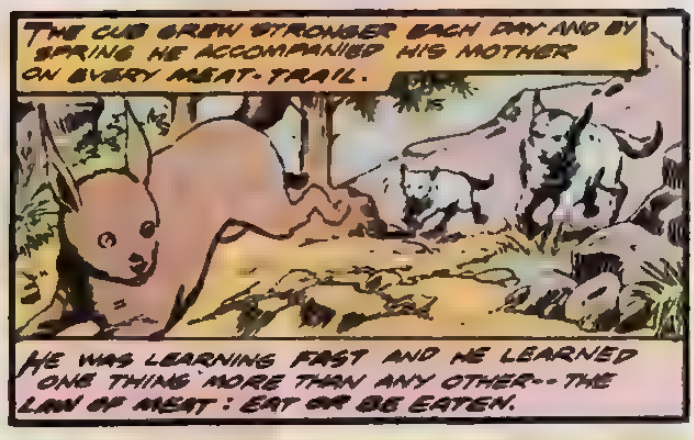
... BUT IT GAVE THE SHE-WOLF BOTH THE TIME AND OPPORTUNITY TO LOCK HER FOE IN A MORTAL GRASP.
ROWRR
IT WOULD NOT BE LONG BEFORE THE LYNX GREW FOREVER STILL.

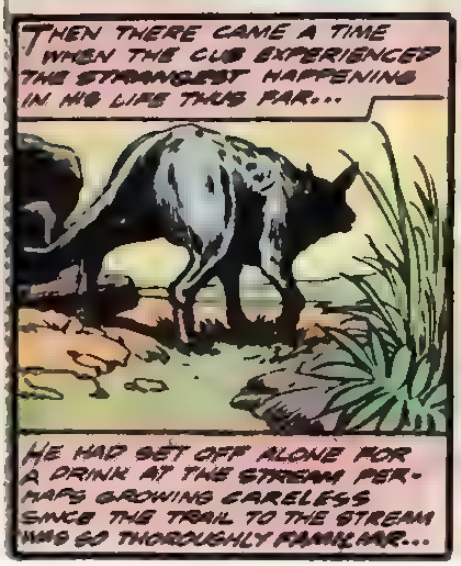
AND WHEN IT WAS OVER, THE SHE-WOLF NUZZLED THE CUB, LICKING HIS WOUNDS..


... BUT SHE HERSELF WAS VERY WEAK, AND VERY SICK. ALL THAT DAY, AND ALL NIGHT, SHE LAY BY HER DEAD FOE'S SIDE, SCARCELY ABLE TO BREATHE.
WHEEN?

AND ALL THE FOLLOWING WEEK, THE SHE-WOLF WOULD NOT LEAVE HER LAIR EXCEPT FOR WATER, AND EVEN THEN SHE DRANK BUT BRIEFLY..


FINALLY, THE SHE-WOLF FELT BETTER. TOGETHER THEY DEVOURED THE LYNX, THEN WENT ON SHORT FORAYS IN SEARCH OF OTHER FOOD...
... AFTER WHICH THEY BASKED FOR LONG HOURS IN THE SUN, GAINING STRENGTH TO BEGIN LIFE AGAIN.


THE CUB GREW STRONGER EACH DAY AND BY SPRING HE ACCOMPANIED HIS MOTHER ON EVERY MEAT-TRAIL.
HE WAS LEARNING FAST AND HE LEARNED ONE THING MORE THAN ANY OTHER--THE LAW OF MEAT: EAT OR BE EATEN.


THEN THERE CAME A TIME WHEN THE CUB EXPERIENCED THE STRANGEST HAPPENING IN HIS LIFE THUS FAR...
HE HAD SET OFF ALONE FOR A DRINK AT THE STREAM PERHAPS GROWING CARELESS SINCE THE TRAIL TO THE STREAM WAS SO THOROUGHLY FAMILIAR...

BUT WHATEVER THE REASON, HE SUDDENLY FOUND HIMSELF IN THE MIDST OF ANIMALS HE DID NOT KNOW.
THEY DID NOT GROWL, NOR SHOW THEIR FANGS, YET HE FEARED THEM...

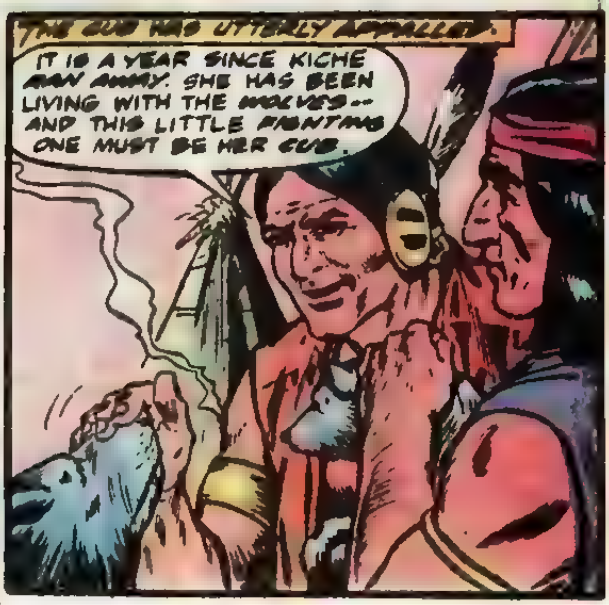
EVERY INSTINCT OF THE CUB'S NATURE WOULD HAVE MARKED HIM TO FLEE WILDLY AWAY -- HAD THERE NOT SUDDENLY, AND FOR THE FIRST TIME, ARISEN IN HIM A COUNTER INSTINCT.
NO! LOOK AT THIS SMALL THING...
HE WAS BEATEN TO MOVELESSNESS BY A GREAT ONE OF THESE STRANGE NEW ANIMALS...

AND YET, HE WAS NOT COMPLETELY BEATEN.

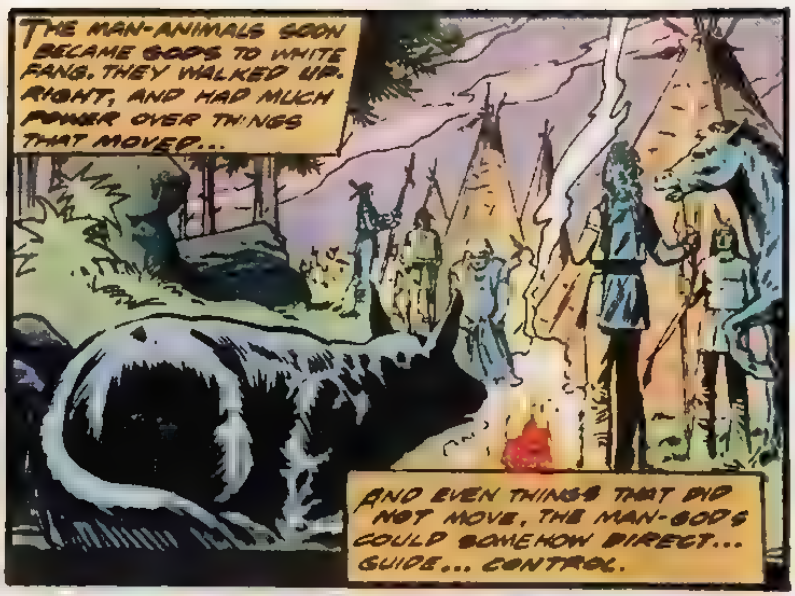
SO -- THE WOLF CUB IS FILLED WITH MANY EVIL SPIRITS! PERHAPS GRAY BEAVER CAN BEAT THOSE SPIRITS OUT!
GRRR
NOW WAS THE CUB TERRIFIED AND HELPLESS. HE COULD DO NOTHING BUT GROWL...

THEN SUDDENLY, THE CUB'S HEART LEAPED FOR JOY -- FOR THE SHE-WOLF EMERGED FROM THE WOODS...
NOW HE WOULD BE SAFE!

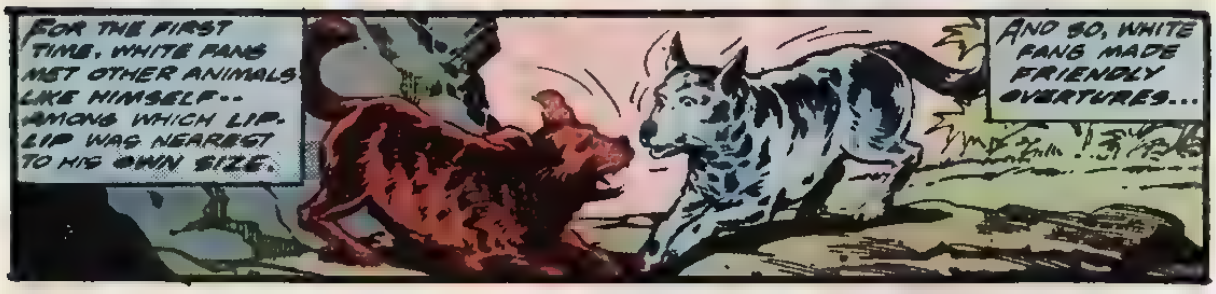
BUT --
KICHE! AT LAST YOU RETURN TO GRAY BEAVER. KICHE!
THE CUB WAS CONFUSED. HE SAW HIS MOTHER -- THE FEARLESS ONE -- CROUCHING DOWN ON THE GROUND, WHIMPERING, WAGGING HER TAIL, MAKING SIGNS OF PEACE!


THE CUB WAS UTTERLY APPALLED.
IT IS A YEAR SINCE KICHE RAN AWAY. SHE HAS BEEN LIVING WITH THE WOLVES -- AND THIS LITTLE FIGHTING ONE MUST BE HER CUB.

LOOK! LOOK AT THE WHITE FANGS OF THE FIGHTING CUB! THAT SHALL BE HIS NAME--WHITE FANG!
AND SINCE KICHE IS MINE, THE CUB ALSO BELONGS TO ME!
YES, GRAY BEAVER, IT IS YOUR RIGHT TO OWN HIM--IF YOU CAN.


THE MAN-ANIMALS SOON BECAME GODS TO WHITE FANG. THEY WALKED UP-RIGHT, AND HAD MUCH POWER OVER THINGS THAT MOVED...
AND EVEN THINGS THAT DID NOT MOVE, THE MAN-GODS COULD SOMEHOW DIRECT... GUIDE... CONTROL.

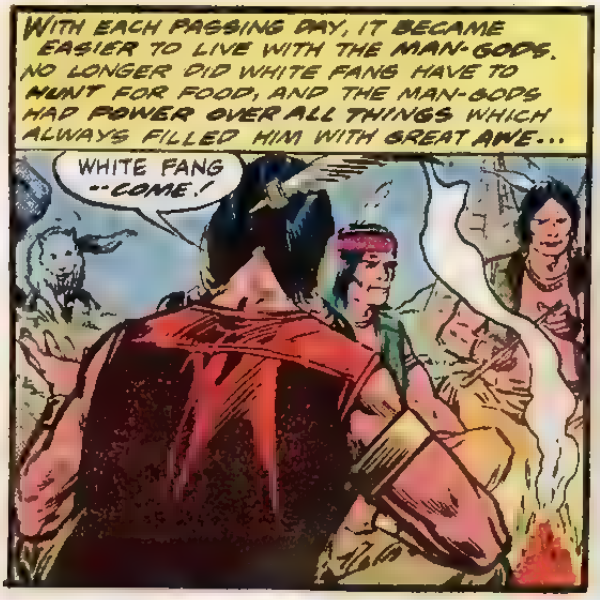
FOR EXAMPLE, GRAY BEAVER HAD TIED A LENGTH OF RAWHIDE AROUND KICHE'S NECK AND KICHE WAS NOT PROTESTING THEN, PART OF THE RAWHIDE OF THE MAN-GODS.
SUCH THINGS COULD NOT HAPPEN BY THEMSELVES--BUT ONLY IN THE HANDS OF THE MAN-GODS.

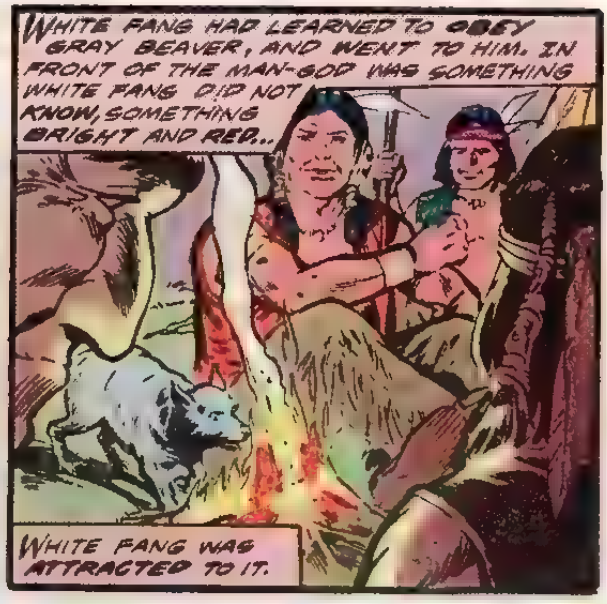

FOR THE FIRST TIME, WHITE FANG MET OTHER ANIMALS LIKE HIMSELF--AMONG WHICH LIP-LIP WAS NEAREST TO HIS OWN SIZE.
AND SO, WHITE FANG MADE FRIENDLY OVERTURES...

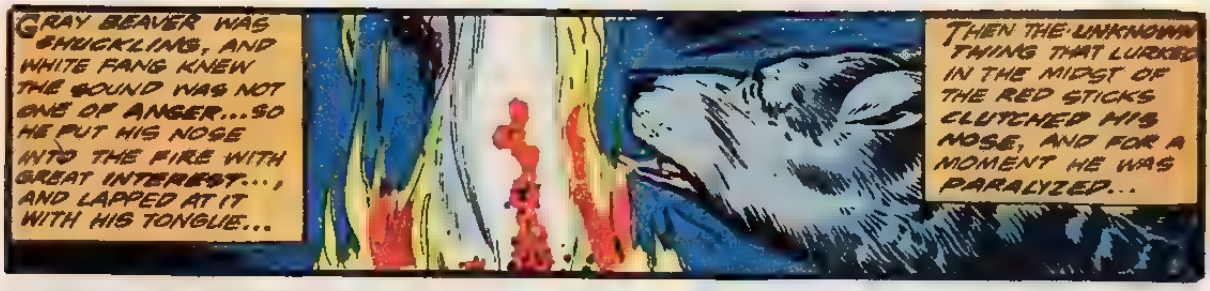
BUT LIP-LIP PROVED TO BE ANYTHING BUT FRIENDLY.

INDEED, SO EAGER WAS LIP-LIP TO SINK HIS FANGS INTO THE NEW CUB THAT HE CAST CAUTION TO THE WINDS...

... WITH DISASTROUS RESULTS.
AND FROM THAT MOMENT ON, HATE WOULD GROW BETWEEN THE PUP AND THE CUB.


WITH EACH PASSING DAY, IT BECAME EASIER TO LIVE WITH THE MAN-GODS. NO LONGER DID WHITE FANG HAVE TO HUNT FOR FOOD, AND THE MAN-GODS HAD POWER OVER ALL THINGS WHICH ALWAYS FILLED HIM WITH GREAT AWE...
WHITE FANG --COME!


WHITE FANG HAD LEARNED TO OBEY GRAY BEAVER, AND WENT TO HIM. IN FRONT OF THE MAN-GOD WAS SOMETHING WHITE FANG DID NOT KNOW, SOMETHING BRIGHT AND RED..
WHITE FANG WAS ATTRACTED TO IT.

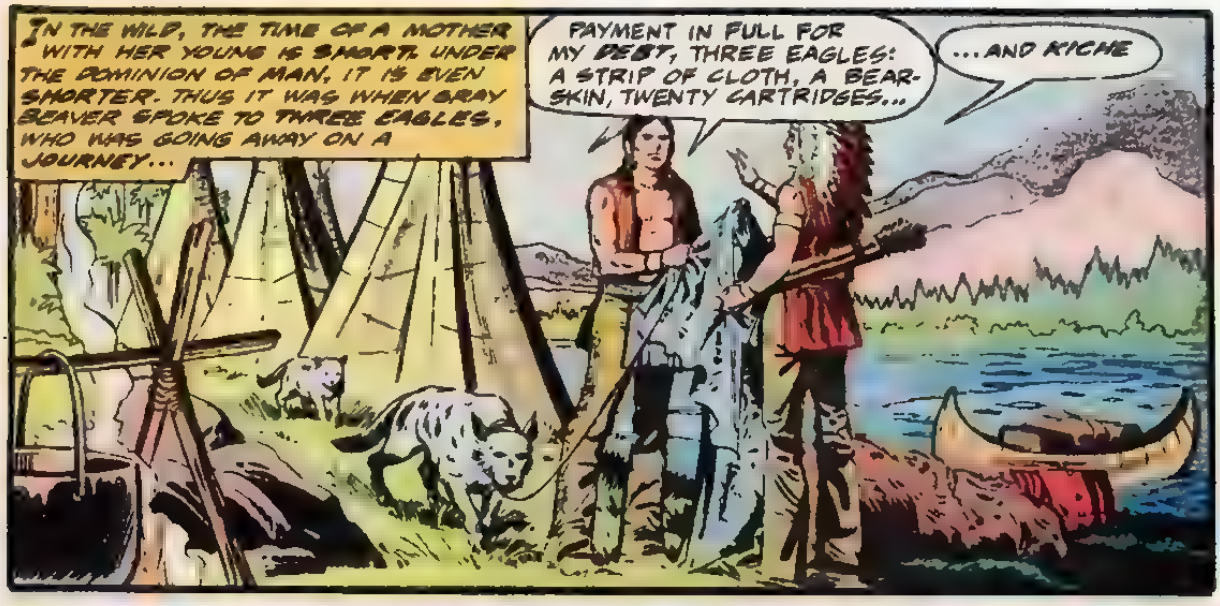

GRAY BEAVER WAS CHUCKLING, AND WHITE FANG KNEW THE SOUND WAS NOT ONE OF ANGER...SO HE PUT HIS NOSE INTO THE FIRE WITH GREAT INTEREST..., AND LAPPED AT IT WITH HIS TONGUE...
THEN THE UNKNOWN THING THAT LURKED IN THE MIDST OF THE RED STICKS CLUTCHED HIS NOSE, AND FOR A MOMENT HE WAS PARALYZED...

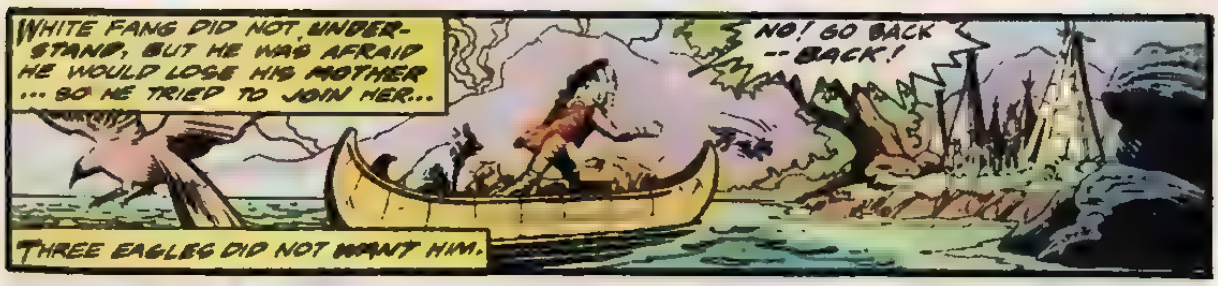
BUT WHEN THE TOUCH OF THE RED STICKS GOT WORSE, HE SCRAMBLED BACKWARD IN PANIC...
HA-HA-HA

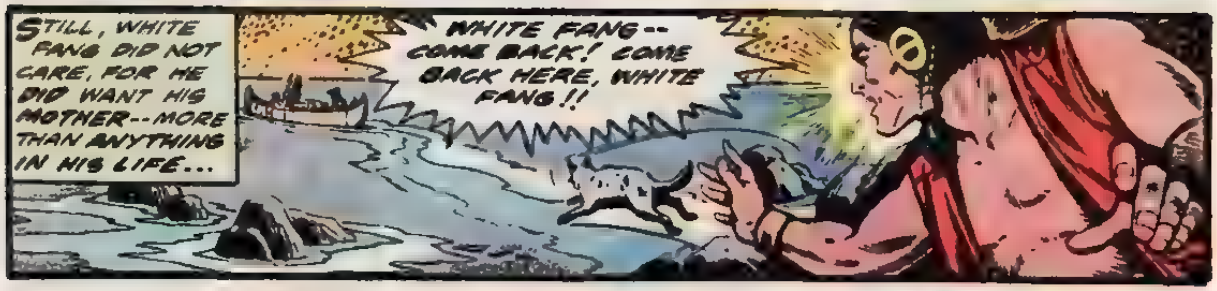
...AND HE RAN FOR THE ONLY SOURCE OF SAFETY HE HAD EVER KNOWN.
BUT ALREADY THE SHAME WAS COMING TO HIM. HE CAME TO KNOW LAUGHTER AND THE MEANING OF IT...

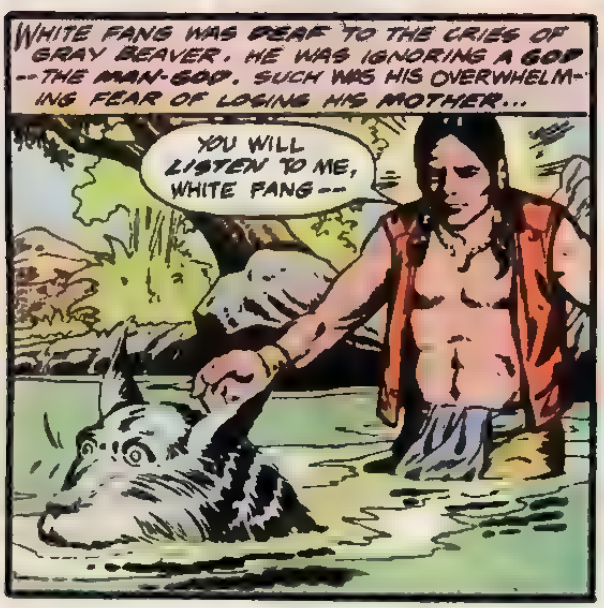
...AND NO MATTER WHAT ELSE HE LEARNED, HE KNEW THAT HE MUST FOREVER AFTER HATE BEING LAUGHED AT.
NA-NAH! NOW YOU HAVE LEARNED A GREAT LESSON, WHITE FANG -- A LESSON WHOSE PAIN HAS GIVEN YOU WISDOM FOR THE FUTURE!
HA HA HA HA

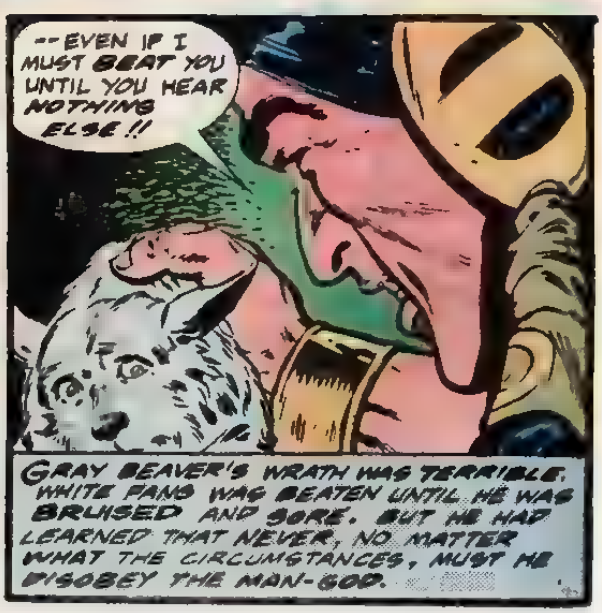
IN THE MONTHS THAT PASSED, LIP-LIP ENJOYED BULLYING THE CUB. WHENEVER WHITE FANG STRAYED FROM HIS MOTHER, LIP-LIP WAS UPON HIM, LEADING THE OTHER PUPS OF THE CAMP IN THE ATTACK...
ALTHOUGH WHITE FANG WAS ALWAYS DEFEATED, HE WAS NEVER COWED. AS BEATEN AND BATTERED AS HIS BODY BECAME, HIS SPIRIT REMAINED DEFIANT AND UNSUBDUED.
YET THE DEFEATS HAD A BAD EFFECT ON WHITE FANG'S TEMPER. HE BECAME MORE AND MORE SAVAGE, MALIGNANT, MOROSE...
AND SOON HE BEGAN TO RETURN THE SNEAK ATTACKS, SPRINGING UPON ANY LONE PUPPY FOOLISH ENOUGH TO STRAY FROM THE CAMP...
INDEED, IT BECAME HIS VERY NATURE TO SINK HIS FANGS INTO EVERY PUP HE CAUGHT ALONE...
... EXCEPT, OF COURSE, LIP-LIP -- FOR LIP-LIP WAS STRONGER AND OLDER THAN WHITE FANG, AND WHITE FANG WAS AFRAID OF HIM.
WHITE FANG LEARNED TO BE CRAFTY. ONCE, DENIED HIS SHARE OF MEAT, HE LEARNED THE SWIFT STEALTHY WAYS OF TAKING FROM OTHERS...
HEY! COME BACK HERE, DOG!!
BUT OF COURSE HE LEARNED NEVER TO GO BACK. THE STONES AND LOUD VOICES TAUGHT HIM THAT MUCH...


IN THE WILD, THE TIME OF A MOTHER WITH HER YOUNG IS SHORT. UNDER THE DOMINION OF MAN, IT IS EVEN SHORTER. THUS IT WAS WHEN GRAY BEAVER SPOKE TO THREE EAGLES, WHO WAS GOING AWAY ON A JOURNEY...
PAYMENT IN FULL FOR MY DEBT, THREE EAGLES: A STRIP OF CLOTH, A BEAR-SKIN, TWENTY CARTRIDGES...
...AND KICHE

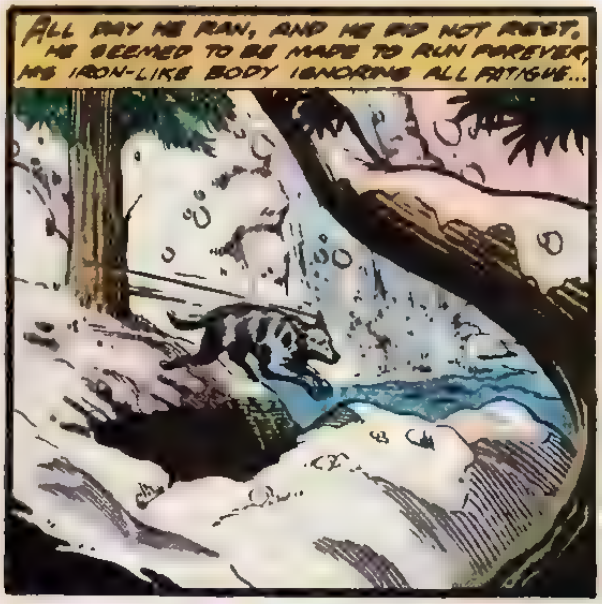

WHITE FANG DID NOT UNDERSTAND, BUT HE WAS AFRAID HE WOULD LOSE HIS MOTHER ... SO HE TRIED TO JOIN HER...
NO! GO BACK --BACK!
THREE EAGLES DID NOT WANT HIM.


STILL, WHITE FANG DID NOT CARE, FOR HE DID WANT HIS MOTHER--MORE THAN ANYTHING IN HIS LIFE...
WHITE FANG-- COME BACK! COME BACK HERE, WHITE FANG!!

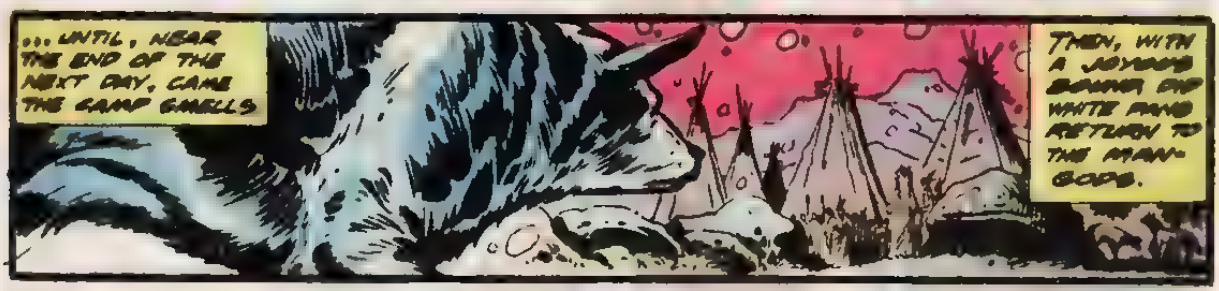

WHITE FANG WAS DEAF TO THE CRIES OF GRAY BEAVER. HE WAS IGNORING A GOD --THE MAN-GOD. SUCH WAS HIS OVERWHELMING FEAR OF LOSING HIS MOTHER...
YOU WILL LISTEN TO ME, WHITE FANG--


--EVEN IF I MUST BEAT YOU UNTIL YOU HEAR NOTHING ELSE!!
GRAY BEAVER'S WRATH WAS TERRIBLE. WHITE FANG WAS BEATEN UNTIL HE WAS BRUISED AND SORE. BUT HE HAD LEARNED THAT NEVER, NO MATTER WHAT THE CIRCUMSTANCES, MUST HE DISOBEY THE MAN-GOD.

WHITE FANG HAD NEVER KNOWN LOVE--ONLY TOLERANCE AND HATE. THE HATE OF THE OTHER DOGS, LED BY LIP-LIP, MADE HIM MORE RESOURCEFUL, SWIFTER AND STRONGER THAN ALL THE REST...
AND THE TOLERATION BY GRAY BEAVER WAS NOT ENOUGH TO BIND THE WOLF-DOG BLINDLY TO THE CAMP.
THUS, WHEN THE CAMP BROKE UP FOR THE MOVE INTO THE FALL HUNTING COUNTRY--
--WHITE FANG WAS DETERMINED TO STAY BEHIND. HE CRAWLED INTO THE HEART OF A DENSE THICKET AND WAITED, IGNORING THE SOUNDS OF GRAY BEAVER'S VOICE...
WHITE FANG--COME! COME HERE WHITE FANG!
THUS DID WHITE FANG RESIST THE DESIRE TO GO TO GRAY BEAVER, WHOSE VOICE FINALLY DIED AWAY ON THE WINDS.
NIGHT CAME, WITH COLD AND DARKNESS, AND HE BECAME AWARE OF HIS LONELINESS. HE WAS HUNGRY, AND THERE WAS NO MEAT OR FISH TO BE THROWN TO HIM...
HIS BONDAGE HAD SOFTENED HIM.
WITH THE DAYLIGHT, AND ENTIRELY CHASTENED, HE RAN. HE WOULD HAVE WELCOMED EVEN LIP-LIP AND THE WHOLE SNARLING, COWARDLY PACK.
AND SINCE HE HAD SEEN THE INDIANS SETTING OFF IN CANOES, HE FOLLOWED THE RIVER...

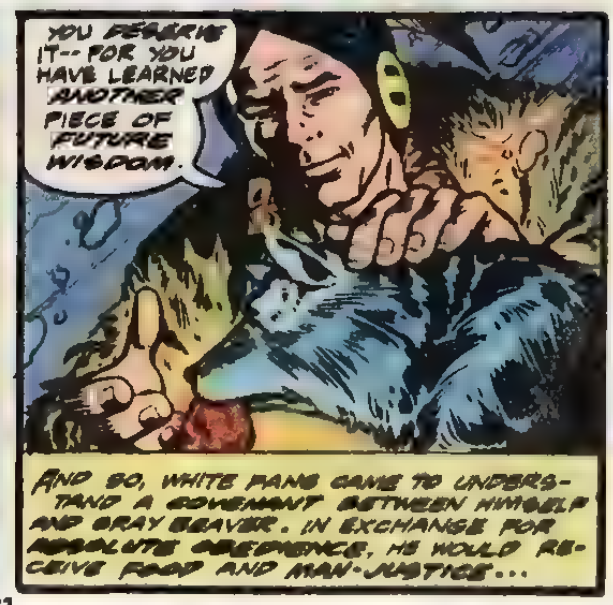

ALL DAY HE RAN, AND HE DID NOT REST. HE SEEMED TO BE MADE TO RUN FOREVER, HIS IRON-LIKE BODY IGNORING ALL FATIGUE...

NOW THE SNOW FLEW, BITING HIS SNOUT, AND LAYING A CARPET OF COLD WETNESS UNDER HIS PAWS...
STILL HE RAN...


...UNTIL, NEAR THE END OF THE NEXT DAY, CAME THE CAMP SMELLS
THEN, WITH A JOYOUS BARKING, WHITE FANG RETURNED TO THE MAN-GODS.

HE EXPECTED ANOTHER BEATING, AND CAME CRINGING AND CRAWLING INTO THE FIRELIGHT. AT LAST HE REACHED HIS MASTER, INTO WHOSE POSSESSION HE NOW SURRENDERED HIMSELF...
SO, WHITE FANG, YOU COME BACK TO GRAY BEAVER...

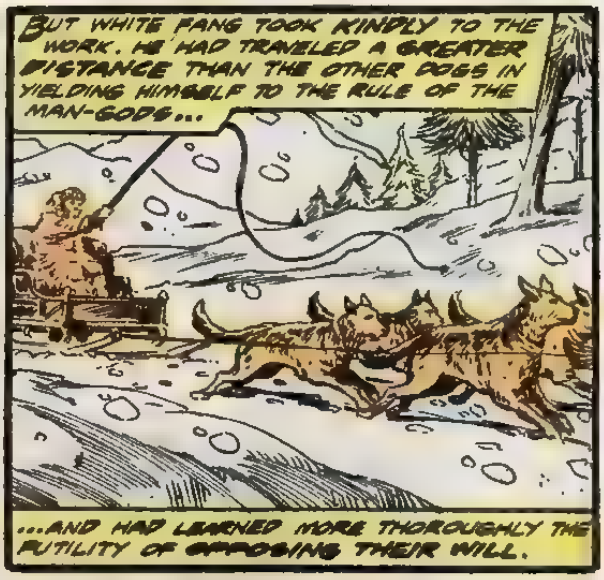
BUT INSTEAD OF STRIKING HIM, GRAY BEAVER OFFERED HIM A PIECE OF FOOD...
HERE, WHITE FANG...


YOU FEARRIE IT-- FOR YOU HAVE LEARNED ANOTHER PIECE OF FUTURE WISDOM.
AND SO, WHITE FANG CAME TO UNDERSTAND A COVENANT BETWEEN HIMSELF AND GRAY BEAVER. IN EXCHANGE FOR ABSOLUTE OBEDIENCE, HE WOULD RECEIVE FOOD AND MAN-JUSTICE...

AND SO IT WAS WHEN THE DEEP SNOWS CAME...
WITH THESE YOUNG DOGS YOU WILL LEARN TO DRIVE THE SLED, MIT-SAH, MY SON.
I WILL LEARN FAST, MY FATHER --YOU WILL SOON SEE.

LIP-LIP WAS THE LEAD-DOG OF THE TEAM, AND IT DID NOT HELP HIS STANDING WITH THE OTHERS--FOR LIP-LIP WAS FAVORED WITH MEAT FROM MIT-SAH, AND ALL DAY LIP-LIP WAS RUNNING AWAY FROM THE OTHERS...
MUSH! MUSH!!

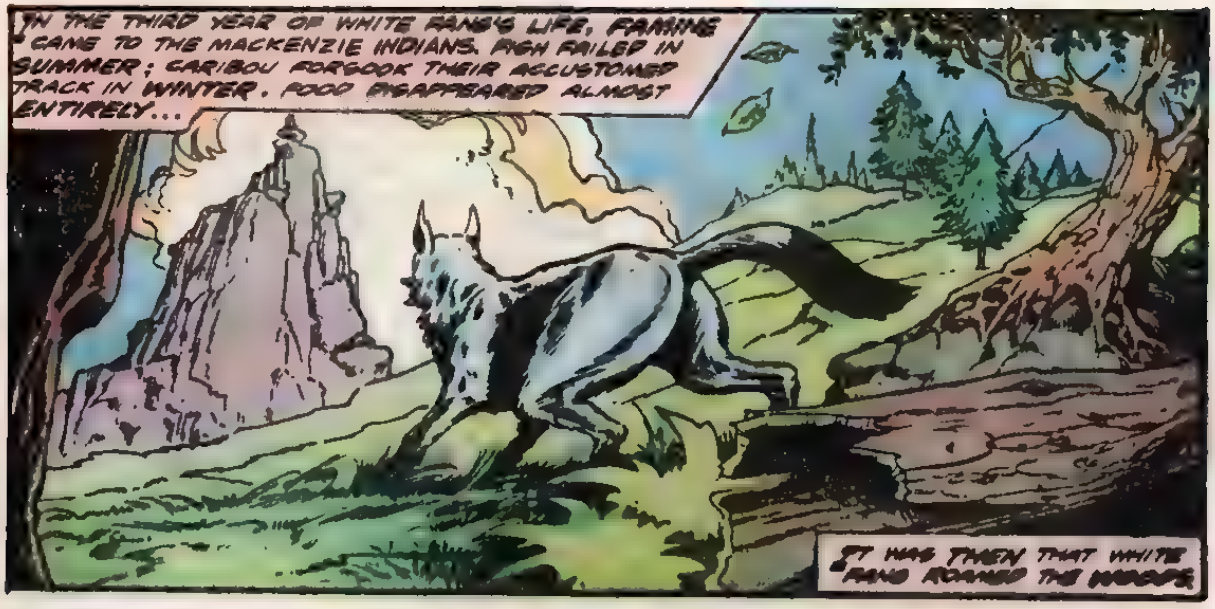
AND IF LIP-LIP SHOULD SLOW IN HIS FORWARD MOVEMENT, THE OTHERS WOULD REMIND HIM AT ONCE OF THEIR JEALOUS HATRED FOR THE LEAD-DOG.
RARRR
RIIEEEK

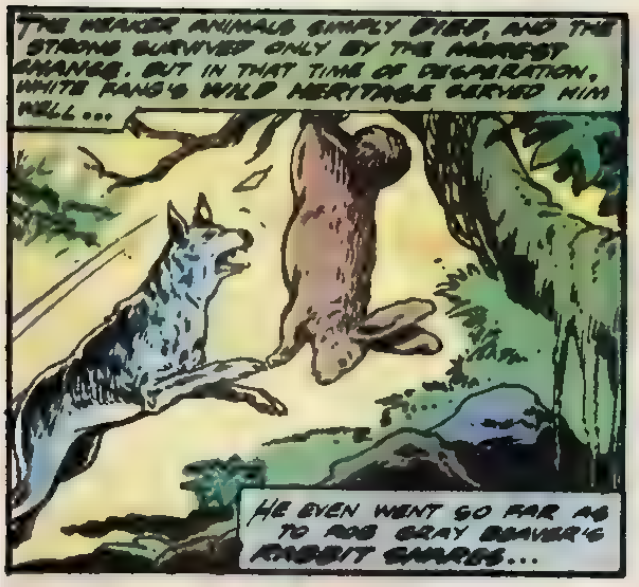

BUT WHITE FANG TOOK KINDLY TO THE WORK. HE HAD TRAVELED A GREATER DISTANCE THAN THE OTHER DOGS IN YIELDING HIMSELF TO THE RULE OF THE MAN-GODS...
...AND HAD LEARNED MORE THOROUGHLY THE FUTILITY OF OPPOSING THEIR WILL.

THE MONTHS PASSED AND SPRING CAME AGAIN. WHITE FANG'S STRENGTH DEVELOPED OVER LONG HOURS ON THE TRAIL...
THEN, ONE DAY, HE CAME UPON KICHE--HIS MOTHER! HE REMEMBERED HER VAGUELY AND HIS APPROACH WAS JOYOUS, LIKE THE BUBBLING OF A WELLSPRING...

...WHICH WAS MORE THAN COULD BE SAID FOR THE MOTHER.
GRARRR
YIIIKE
HER FANGS LAID OPEN HIS SHOULDER.

INSTINCT DID NOT ALLOW WHITE FANG TO HARM FEMALES OF HIS KIND. AND SO, HE TURNED AWAY, ALL THE OLD MEMORIES OF HER DYING OUT FOREVER.
HE NO LONGER HAD NEED OF A MOTHER.

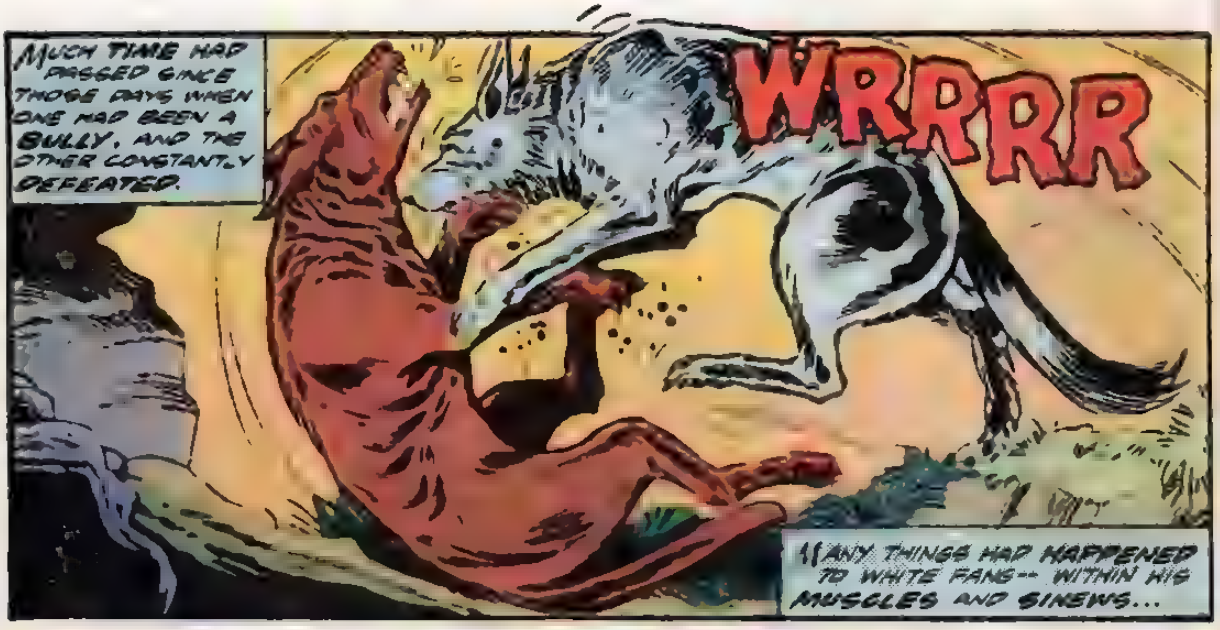

IN THE THIRD YEAR OF WHITE FANG'S LIFE, FAMINE CAME TO THE MACKENZIE INDIANS. FISH FAILED IN SUMMER; CARIBOU FORGOOK THEIR ACCUSTOMED TRACK IN WINTER. FOOD DISAPPEARED ALMOST ENTIRELY...
IT WAS THEN THAT WHITE FANG ROAMED THE WOODS

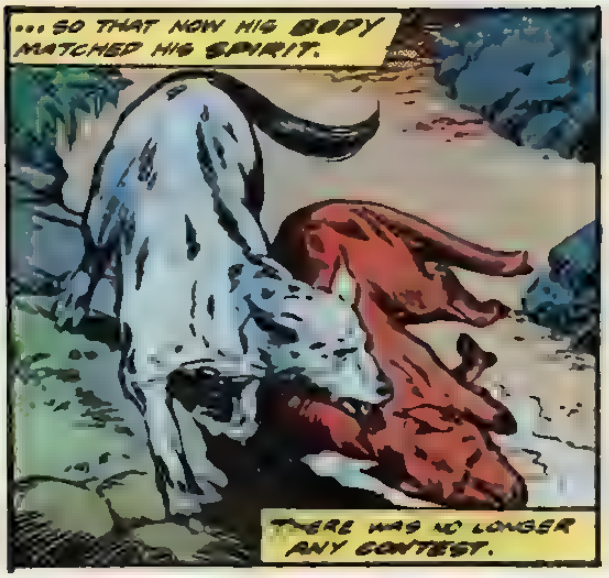

THE WEAKER ANIMALS SIMPLY DIED, AND THE STRONG SURVIVED ONLY BY THE MOST STRANGE. BUT IN THAT TIME OF DEGENERATION, WHITE FANG'S WILD HERITAGE SERVED HIM WELL...
HE EVEN WENT SO FAR AS TO ROB GRAY BEAVER'S RABBIT SNARES...

... AND TO CHASE DOWN GAME THAT, IN OTHER TIMES, HE WOULD NOT HAVE DEIGNED TO DO...

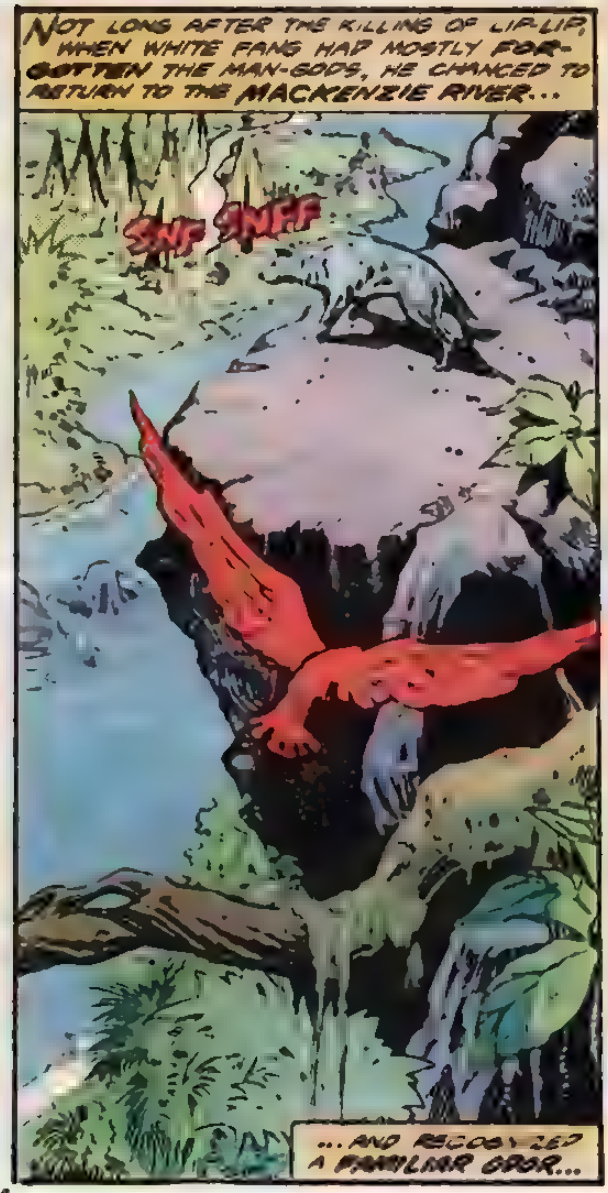
IT WAS IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE FAMINE THAT HE MET LIP-LIP, WHO HAD EARLY TAKEN TO THE WOODS...
GRRRRR
RRRRRRR

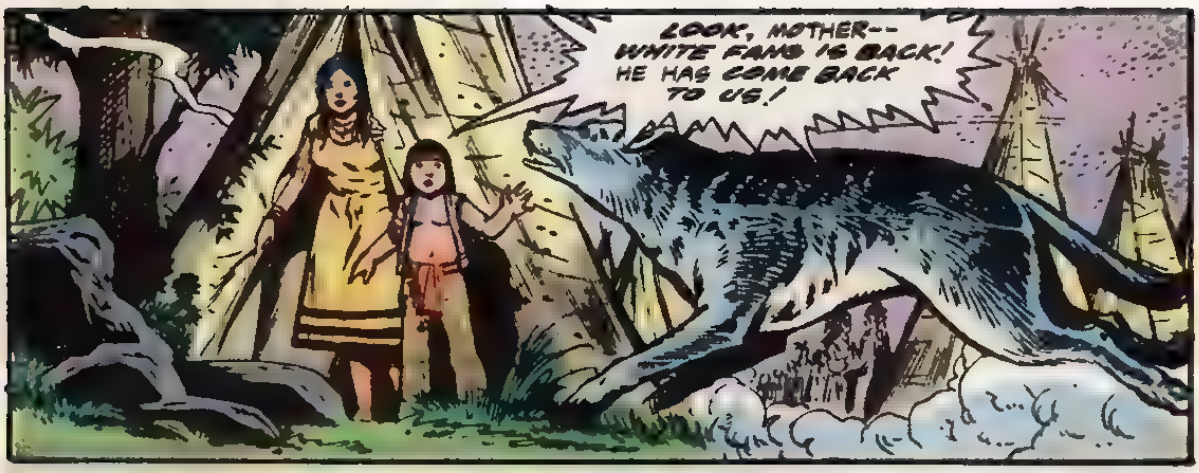
BOTH KNEW THAT THIS WOULD BE THEIR FINAL CONFRONTATION...
GRRRRR
BUT WHILE LIP-LIP WASTED TIME ON MORE GROWLING THAN WAS NECESSARY, WHITE FANG MOVED IN...

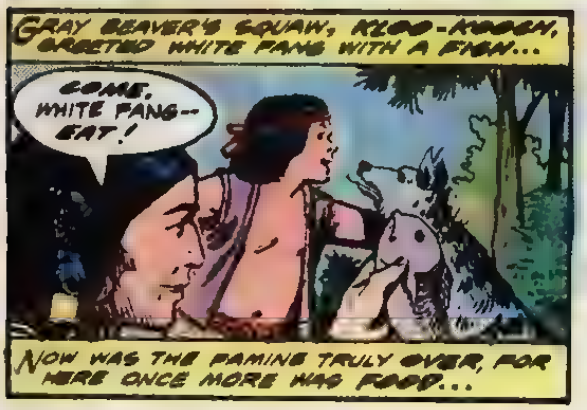

MUCH TIME HAD PASSED SINCE THOSE DAYS WHEN ONE HAD BEEN A BULLY, AND THE OTHER CONSTANTLY DEFEATED.
WRRRR
MANY THINGS HAD HAPPENED TO WHITE FANG -- WITHIN HIS MUSCLES AND SINEWS...

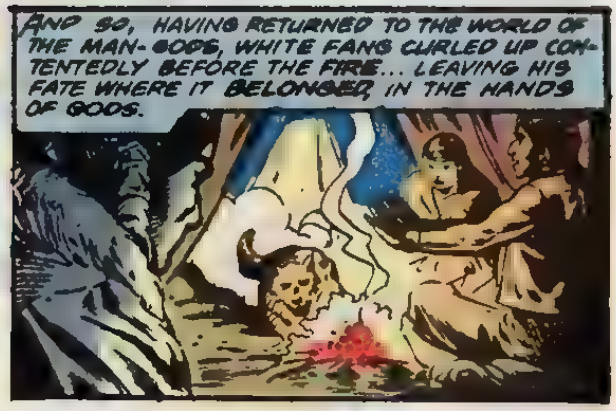

...SO THAT NOW HIS BODY MATCHED HIS SPIRIT.
THERE WAS NO LONGER ANY CONTEST.

IT WAS A TURNING POINT, OF SORTS. A READY MOMENT OF VICTORY OVER HIS GREATEST FEARS.
HOWO
WHITE FANG REJOICED IN IT.


NOT LONG AFTER THE KILLING OF LIP-LIP, WHEN WHITE FANG HAD MOSTLY FORGOTTEN THE MAN-GODS, HE CHANCED TO RETURN TO THE MACKENZIE RIVER...
SNIF SNIFF
...AND RECOGNIZED A FAMILIAR ODOR...


LOOK, MOTHER-- WHITE FANG IS BACK! HE HAS COME BACK TO US!

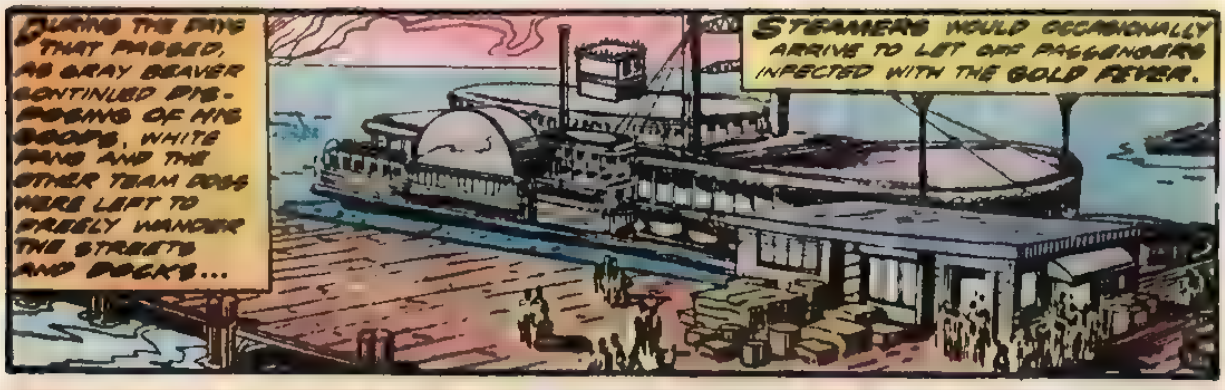

GRAY BEAVER'S SQUAW, KLOO-KOOCH, GREETED WHITE FANG WITH A FISH...
COME, WHITE FANG-- EAT!
NOW WAS THE FAMINE TRULY OVER, FOR HERE ONCE MORE WAS FOOD...


AND SO, HAVING RETURNED TO THE WORLD OF THE MAN-GODS, WHITE FANG CURLED UP CONTENTEDLY BEFORE THE FIRE... LEAVING HIS FATE WHERE IT BELONGED, IN THE HANDS OF GODS.

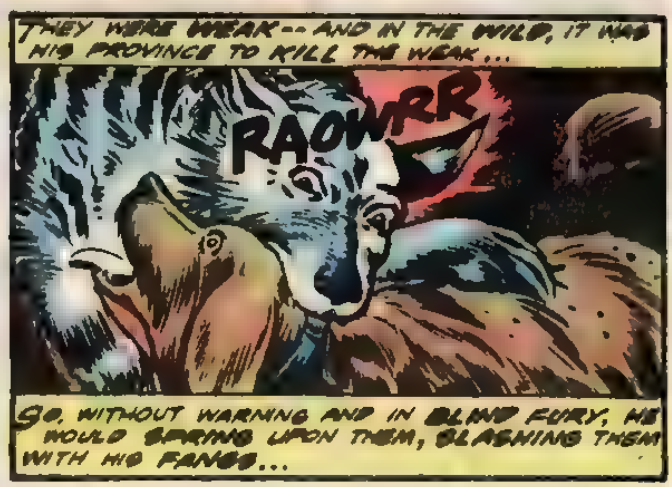
THE MONTHS TURNED TO SNOW AGAIN, AND HAD THERE BEEN IN WHITE FANG'S NATURE ANY POSSIBILITY OF FRATERNIZING WITH HIS OWN KIND, IT WAS DESTROYED WHEN HE WAS MADE LEADER OF THE SLED TEAM...
NOW THE OTHER DOGS HATED HIM AND HE, IN TURN, HATED THEM.

IT WAS THE YEAR 1898 WHEN GRAY BEAVER HEARD OF THE GOLD RUSH, SO HE JOURNEYED TO THE YUKON WITH BALES OF FURS HE HOPED TO TRADE FOR GOLD...

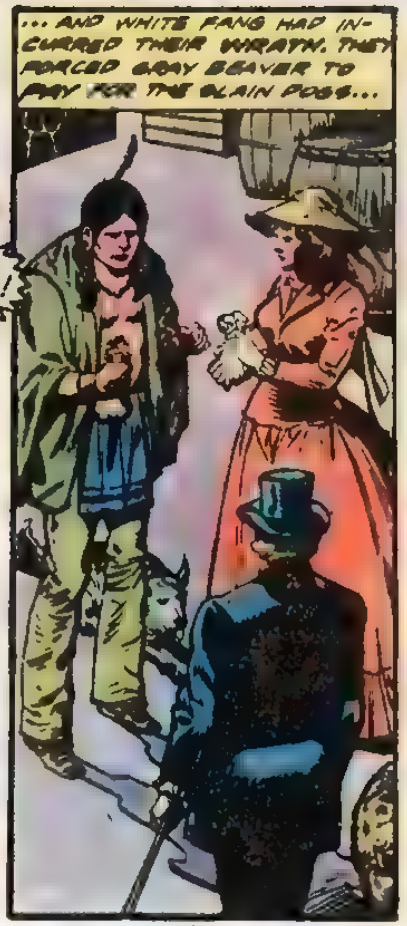
GRAY BEAVER'S WILDEST DREAMS HAD NOT EXCEEDED A HUNDRED PERCENT PROFIT; WHEN HE LEARNED HE COULD MAKE A THOUSAND PERCENT, HE SETTLED DOWN TO TRADE CAREFULLY AND SLOWLY, EVEN IF IT TOOK ALL WINTER.
YOU'RE A THIEF, GRAY BEAVER, BUT IF I DON'T PAY WHAT YOU WANT I'LL FREEZE TO DEATH.
YOU TAKE FURS, ME TAKE GOLD. ME NOT NEED ANY MORE FURS -- YOU NOT NEED ANY MORE GOLD.


DURING THE DAYS THAT PASSED, AS GRAY BEAVER CONTINUED PIE-EYEING OF HIS SCOOPS, WHITE FANG AND THE OTHER TEAM DOGS WERE LEFT TO FREELY WANDER THE STREETS AND DOCKS...
STEAMERS WOULD OCCASIONALLY ARRIVE TO LET OFF PASSENGERS INFECTED WITH THE GOLD FEVER.

MANY OF THEM BROUGHT THEIR OWN DOGS, AND IN THE EYES OF WHITE FANG, THESE WERE SOFT, HELPLESS DOGS...


THEY WERE WEAK -- AND IN THE WILD, IT WAS HIS PROVINCE TO KILL THE WEAK...
RAOWRR
SO, WITHOUT WARNING AND IN BLIND FURY, HE WOULD SPRING UPON THEM, SLASHING THEM WITH HIS FANGS...

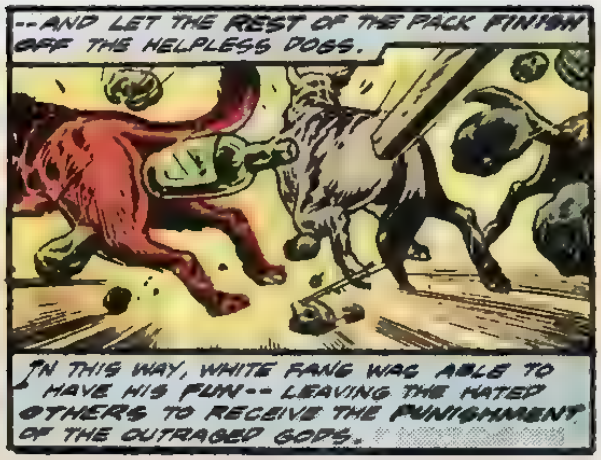
...LEAVING THEM DEAD OR DYING AT THE ENDS OF THEIR LEASHES.
HEY -- WHO OWNS THAT DOG? GET HIM OUT OF HERE!!
YEAH, -- THE OWNER'S GOING TO PAY FOR THIS!
RRGH
BUT THIS WAS NOT THE WILD; THIS WAS A PLACE OF THE MAN-GODS -- THE WHITE MAN-GODS...


...AND WHITE FANG HAD INCURRED THEIR WRATH. THEY FORCED GRAY BEAVER TO PAY FOR THE SLAIN DOGS...

...AND LOSS OF HIS HARD-EARNED GOLD DUST MADE GRAY BEAVER VERY ANGRY.
WUMP WUD
AAAIIIK

AFTER THE BEATING, WHITE FANG KNEW HE MUST RESORT TO CUNNING. HE STILL HAD THE FUN OF CHASING THE WEAKLINGS WHO CAME WITH THE WHITE GODS—

--BUT JUST BEFORE THE STRIKE HE WOULD VEER AWAY--

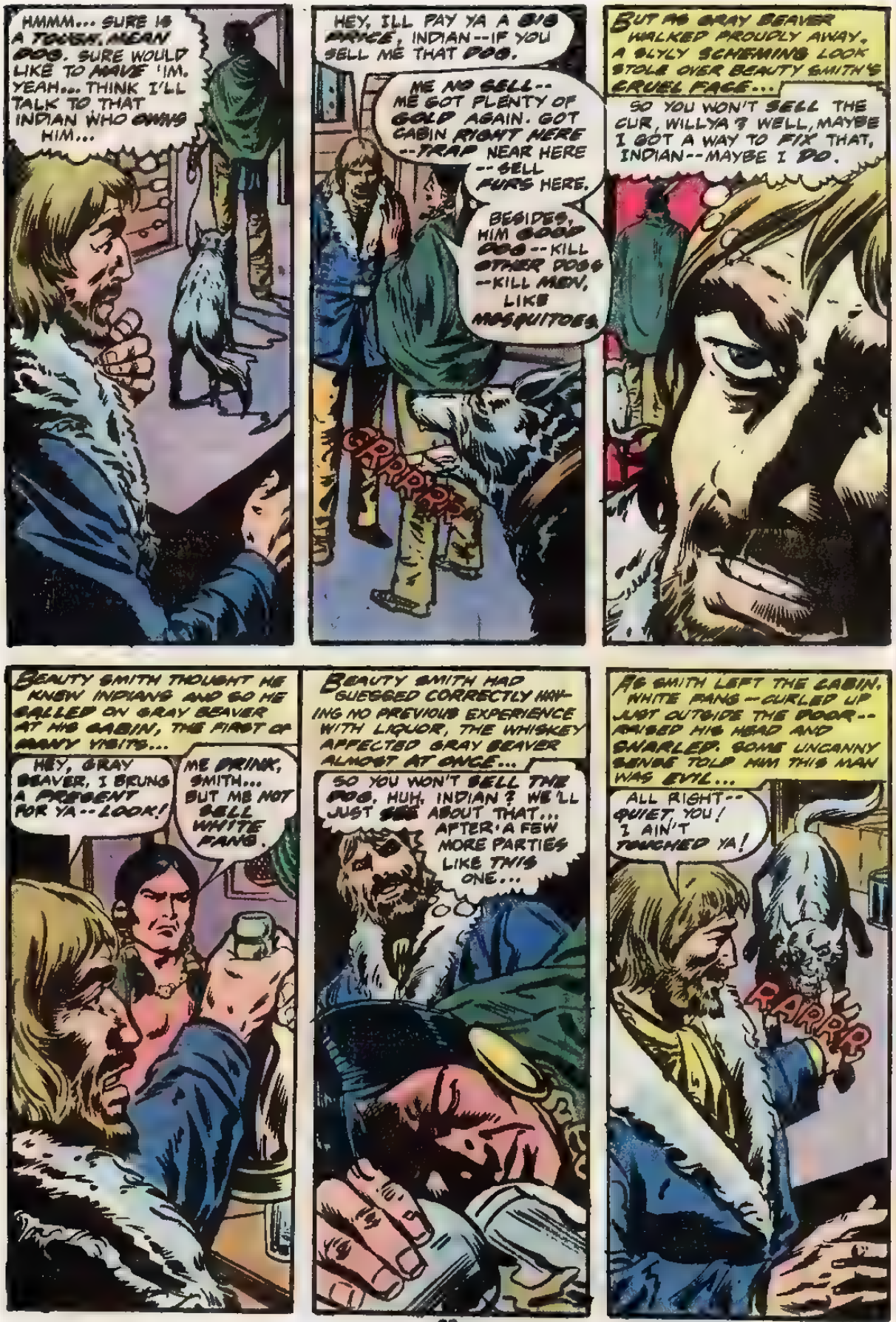

--AND LET THE REST OF THE PACK FINISH OFF THE HELPLESS DOGS.
IN THIS WAY, WHITE FANG WAS ABLE TO HAVE HIS FUN-- LEAVING THE HATED OTHERS TO RECEIVE THE PUNISHMENT OF THE OUTRAGED GODS.

ONE MAN AT THE LANDINGS PARTICULARLY ENJOYED THE VICIOUS ESCAPADES OF THE PACK-DOGS...
YAHOO! KILL 'IM, YOU BLASTED CRITTERS! KILL 'IM!!

HIS NAME WAS "BEAUTY" SMITH, SO CALLED IN DERISION OF HIS UGLY CHARACTER AS MUCH AS IN CONTRAST TO HIS PHYSICAL APPEARANCE...
JUST LOOKIT 'EM CHEW THEM MUTTS, WILLYA?!! YAHOO!!

AN' YOU -- I SEEN YOU LEAD 'EM IN, DOGGONE YOU! YEAH, YOU'RE A REAL SMART--

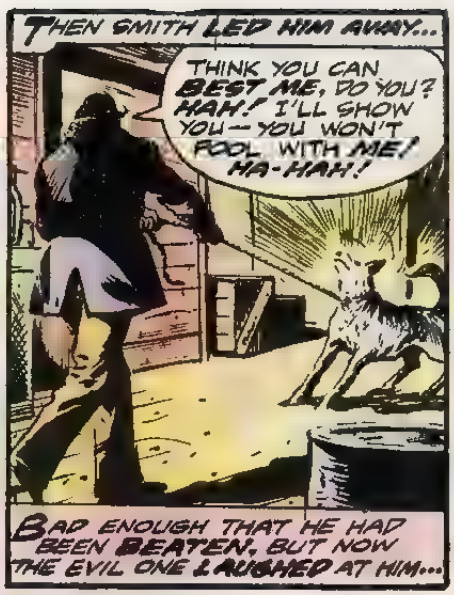
HEY!! GO EASY THERE -- CUT IT OUT!!
RARRR


HMMM... SURE IS A TOUGH, MEAN DOG. SURE WOULD LIKE TO HAVE 'IM. YEAH... THINK I'LL TALK TO THAT INDIAN WHO OWNS HIM...
HEY, I'LL PAY YA A BIG PRICE, INDIAN--IF YOU SELL ME THAT DOG.
ME NO SELL-- ME GOT PLENTY OF GOLD AGAIN. GOT CABIN RIGHT HERE --TRAP NEAR HERE --SELL FURS HERE.
BESIDES, HIM GOOD DOG--KILL OTHER DOGS --KILL MEN, LIKE MOSQUITOES.
GRRRRR
BUT AS GRAY BEAVER WALKED PROUDLY AWAY, A SLYLY SCHEMING LOOK STOLE OVER BEAUTY SMITH'S CRUEL FACE...
SO YOU WON'T SELL THE CUR, WILLYA? WELL, MAYBE I GOT A WAY TO FIX THAT, INDIAN--MAYBE I DO.
BEAUTY SMITH THOUGHT HE KNEW INDIANS AND SO HE CALLED ON GRAY BEAVER AT HIS CABIN, THE FIRST OF MANY VISITS...
HEY, GRAY BEAVER, I BRUNG A PRESENT FOR YA--LOOK!
ME DRINK, SMITH... BUT ME NOT SELL WHITE FANG.
BEAUTY SMITH HAD GUESSED CORRECTLY HAVING NO PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE WITH LIQUOR, THE WHISKEY AFFECTED GRAY BEAVER ALMOST AT ONCE...
SO YOU WON'T SELL THE DOG, HUH, INDIAN? WE'LL JUST SEE ABOUT THAT... AFTER A FEW MORE PARTIES LIKE THIS ONE...
AS SMITH LEFT THE CABIN, WHITE FANG--CURLED UP JUST OUTSIDE THE DOOR--RAISED HIS HEAD AND SNARLED. SOME UNCANNY SENSE TOLD HIM THIS MAN WAS EVIL...
ALL RIGHT-- QUIET YOU! I AIN'T TOUCHED YA!
RARRR

ONE OF THE POTENCIES OF WHISKEY IS THE BREEDING OF THIRST. THANKS TO THE WILES OF BEAUTY SMITH, GRAY BEAVER RECEIVED TOO MUCH WHISKEY TOO FAST AND TOO SOON FOR A MAN WHO KNEW NOTHING ABOUT DRINKING...
HE GOT THE THIRST.
HE BEGAN TO DRINK MORE AND MORE, GOING TO ANY LENGTH TO OBTAIN IT. AND AS HIS GOLD DWINDLED, SO TOO DID HIS SPIRIT. HE WAS CONSTANTLY DRUNK, AND NO LONGER CARED ABOUT HIS TRAPS OR FURS OR MAKING MORE GOLD...
HE CARED ABOUT NOTHING BUT WHISKEY -- EVEN WHEN ALL OF HIS GOLD WAS GONE...
YOU GIVE MORE WHISKEY -- ME PAY SOON...
FORGET IT, INDIAN --NO MONEY, NO WHISKEY.
BEAUTY SMITH KNEW THAT HE HAD WON, AND THAT NOW WAS THE TIME TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF HIS VICTORY...
HEY, GRAY BEAVER--! HOW 'BOUT IT? YOU GIVE ME WHITE FANG AND I'LL GIVE YOU ENOUGH MONEY FOR PLENTY OF BOTTLES O' WHISKEY.
GRAY BEAVER THOUGHT FOR A LONG TIME, BUT IN THE END HE KNEW HE HAD BEEN BEATEN. THE THIRST HAD WON.
YOU CATCH DOG... YOU TAKE HIM.
THAT NIGHT SMITH CAME FOR HIS PURCHASE. WHITE FANG SNARLED VICIOUSLY, BUT THE EVIL ONE APPROACHED HOLDING A LEASH AND A CLUB...
COME ON, YA BLASTED DOG! YOU'RE COMIN' WITH ME NOW!
GRRROWRR

SUDDENLY, WHITE FANG LUNGED AT SMITH. BUT--
GET DOWN, YOU FOOL DOG! BLAMED FOOL DOG!!
FWAT

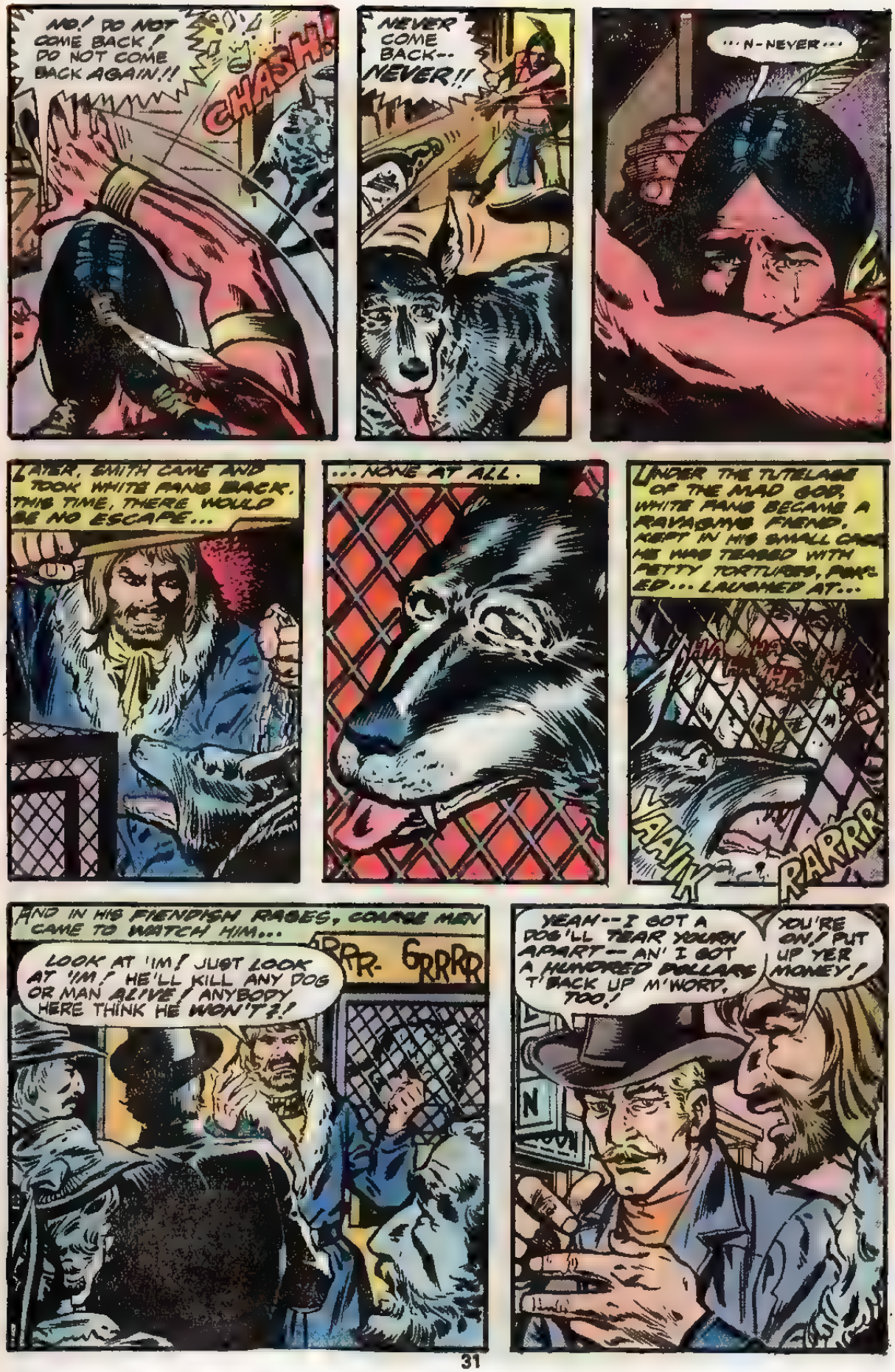
WHITE FANG WAS HELPLESS AGAINST THE CLUB IN THE HANDS OF THE FURIOUS WHITE-GOD.
FWAT
AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE HARD BLOWS RAINED DOWN. IT WAS THE WORST BEATING, BY FAR, HE HAD EVER RECEIVED..

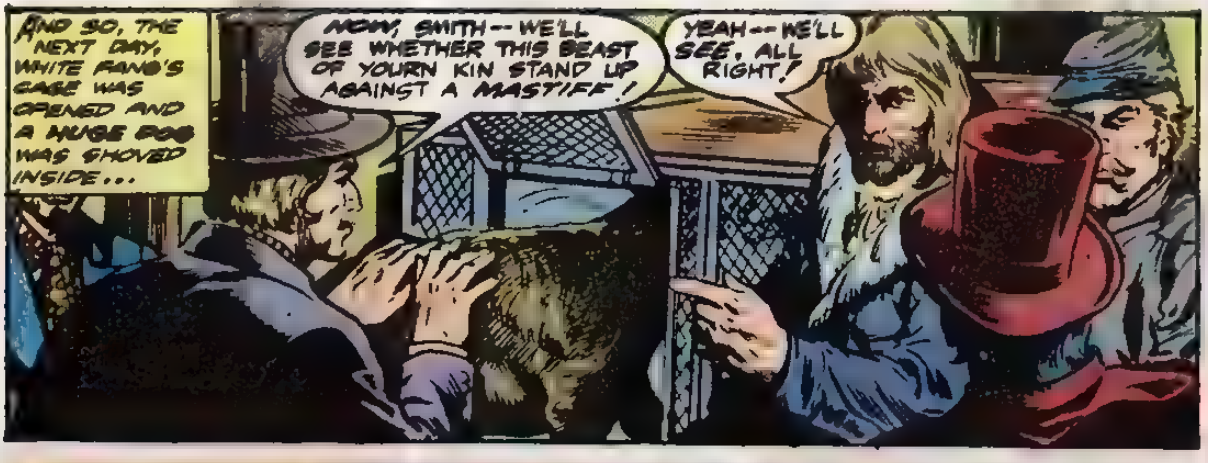

THEN SMITH LED HIM AWAY...
THINK YOU CAN BEST ME, DO YOU? HAH! I'LL SHOW YOU -- YOU WON'T FOOL WITH ME! HA-HAH!
BAD ENOUGH THAT HE HAD BEEN BEATEN, BUT NOW THE EVIL ONE LAUGHED AT HIM...

AT THE PLACE WHERE HE LIVED, BEAUTY SMITH LEFT THE DOG SECURELY TIED AND WENT TO BED...

WHITE FANG WAITED AN HOUR. THEN, WITHIN THE SPACE OF TEN SECONDS, HE FREED HIMSELF...

WISDOM TOLD WHITE FANG NOT TO RETURN TO GRAY BEAVER. BUT THERE WAS IN HIS NATURE SOMETHING DEEPER THAN WISDOM---FIDELITY, EVEN TO THE MAN WHO HAD ALREADY BETRAYED HIM...
SO... YOU COME BACK...


NO! DO NOT COME BACK! DO NOT COME BACK AGAIN!!
CHASH!
NEVER COME BACK-- NEVER!!
...N-NEVER...
LATER, SMITH CAME AND TOOK WHITE FANG BACK. THIS TIME, THERE WOULD BE NO ESCAPE...
...NONE AT ALL.
UNDER THE TUTELAGE OF THE MAD GOD, WHITE FANG BECAME A RAVAGING FIEND. KEPT IN HIS SMALL CAGE HE WAS TEASED WITH PETTY TORTURES, PRO-ED... LAUGHED AT...
HA HA HA
AAAIK
RARRR
AND IN HIS FIENDISH RAGES, COARSE MEN CAME TO WATCH HIM...
RRR- GRRRR
LOOK AT 'IM! JUST LOOK AT 'IM! HE'LL KILL ANY DOG OR MAN ALIVE! ANYBODY HERE THINK HE WON'T?!
YEAH--I GOT A DOG 'LL TEAR YOURN APART-- AN' I GOT A HUNDRED DOLLARS T' BACK UP M'WORD, TOO!
YOU'RE ON! PUT UP YER MONEY!


AND SO, THE NEXT DAY, WHITE FANG'S CAGE WAS OPENED AND A HUGE DOG WAS SHOVED INSIDE...
NOW, SMITH -- WE'LL SEE WHETHER THIS BEAST OF YOURN KIN STAND UP AGAINST A MASTIFF!
YEAH -- WE'LL SEE, ALL RIGHT!

THE SIZE AND FIERCE ASPECT OF THE INTRUDER DID NOT DETER WHITE FANG. AFTER BEING LOCKED IN THE CAGE FOR SO LONG, HERE WAS FINALLY SOMETHING ON WHICH HE COULD WREAK HIS BOTTLED HATE...
RRAOWR
HE LEAPED IN WITH A FLASH OF FANGS-

--IMMEDIATELY RIPPING A GASH DOWN THE SIDE OF THE MASTIFF'S NECK.
RRK
YAAIIEER
IT WAS OVER ALMOST BEFORE IT HAD BEGUN...

AND WHEN THE MASTIFF WAS DRAGGED FROM THE CAGE...
MAN! I KNEW THIS DOG'D MAKE MONEY FOR ME! COME ON -- PAY UP!
BAR

WHITE FANG CAME TO LOOK FORWARD TO THE GATHERING OF MEN AROUND HIS CAGE, FOR HE KNEW IT MEANT A FIGHT -- NOW THE ONLY WAY HE HAD OF EXPRESSING THE FIERCE LIFE THAT WAS IN HIM. TIME AFTER TIME, HE WAS MATCHED CRUELLY AND UNEVENLY, BUT --
SEE THAT -- ?! HE CAN HANDLE TWO DOG JUST AS EASY AS ONE!

ONCE HE WAS MATCHED AGAINST A FULL-GROWN WOLF. IT WAS A TERRIBLE, BLOODY BATTLE...

GRRR

BUT IN THE END, WHITE FANG SLEW THE WOLF--AS HE HAD SLAIN ALL OTHER ADVERSARIES.

INDEED, SO FAR DID WHITE FANG'S FAME SPREAD THAT MEN CAME AND PAID ADMISSION FOR THE RIGHT TO LOOK AT HIM...

STEP RIGHT UP--AND KEEP IN LINE! PAY AS YOU REACH THE CAGE OF WHITE FANG!

LISTEN HERE, SMITH--MY NAME'S TIM KEENAN AND I GOT A DOG'LL PUT YOURN OUTTA BUSINESS PER GOOD. GOT A THOUSAND IN GOLD DUST I'LL PUT UP, TOO.

RECKON I COULD USE A THOUSAND, KEENAN--YOU'RE ON!

BUT SMITH HAD RUN INTO TROUBLE WITH THE POLICE OVER HIS STAGED DOGFIGHTS, SO THE BATTLE WAS SET FOR THE WOODS A FEW MILES OUTSIDE OF DAWSON, TRANSPORTATION TAKING PLACE DURING THE NIGHT TO AVOID THE MOUNTED POLICE.

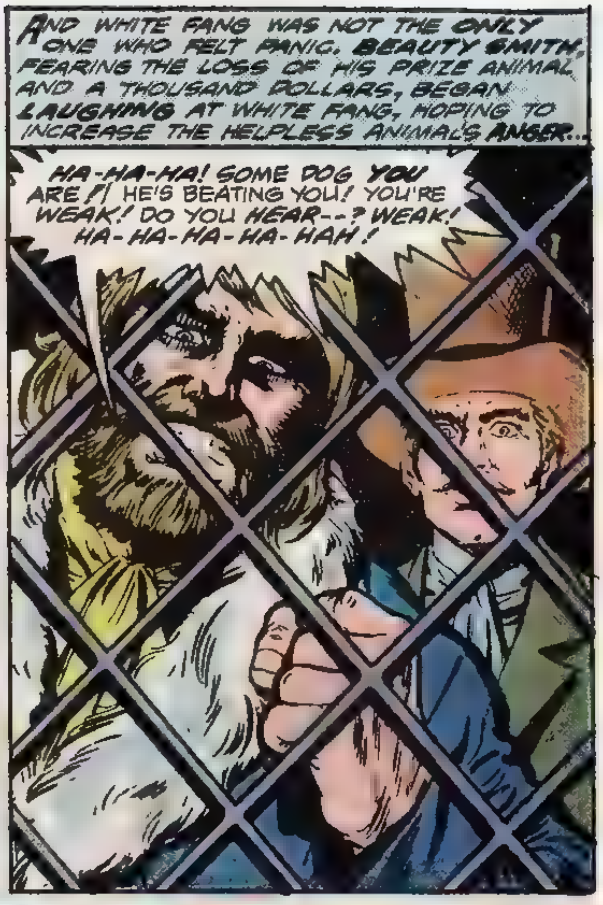
THUS, IN THE GRAY LIGHT OF THE NEXT MORNING, WHEN TIM KEENAN SHOWED UP AT THE MEETING PLACE WITH HIS CHALLENGER...

HO-HO-HO! IS THAT'S WHAT'S GOIN' TO RIP MY DOG APART--?! HO-HO-HO!!

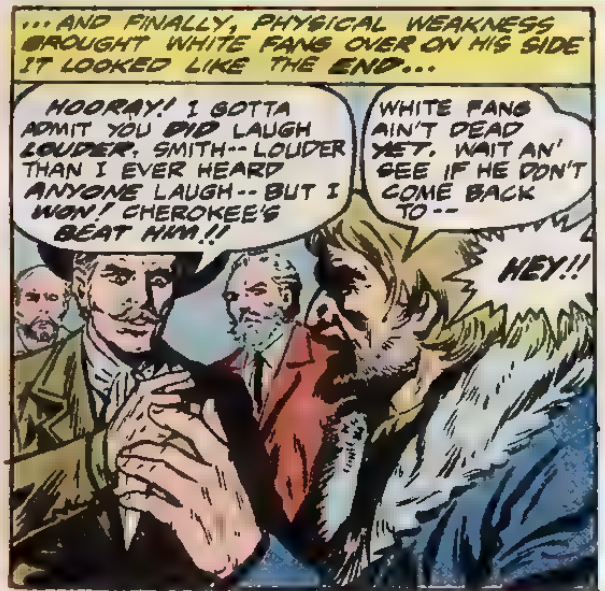
BETTER DO YER LAUGHIN' AFTER YOU'VE PUT UP YER MONEY, SMITH--AN' THEN WE'LL SEE HOW LOUD YER LAUGHIN' IS.

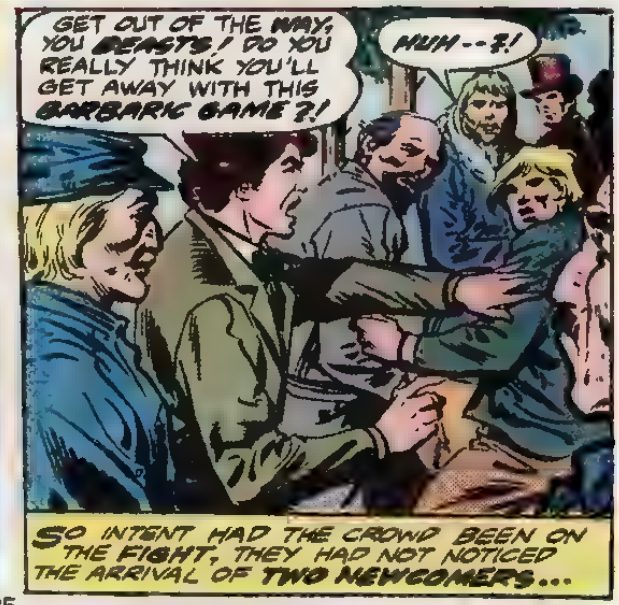
ALL RIGHT, CHEROKEE, GO TO IT! GET IN THERE AND BIG 'IM!
THIS WAS A NEW KIND OF ENEMY FOR WHITE FANG, BUT ONE WHO HARDLY SEEMED WORTH HIS EFFORTS...
WHITE FANG WAS A STREAK OF LIGHTNING, SLASHING THE BULLDOG TO RIBBONS. YET THE BULL STOOD HIS GROUND STUBBORNLY, AS IF A STATUE CARVED FROM SOLID ROCK...
AND, TOO, SINCE THE BULLDOG SEEMED TO HAVE NO NECK OR THROAT, WHITE FANG DECIDED HE MUST GET AT THE BELLY. HE TRIED RAMMING CHEROKEE FROM THE SIDE, HOPING TO OVERTURN HIM...
...BUT HIS SHOULDER WAS TOO HIGH, AND HE STRUCK WITH SUCH FORCE THAT HIS MOMENTUM CARRIED HIM OVER THE OTHER'S BODY!
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS FIGHTING HISTORY, WHITE FANG LOST HIS FOOTING.
HE WAS ON HIS FEET IN AN INSTANT, BUT IN THAT INSTANT—
--CHEROKEE'S TEETH HAD CLOSED ON HIS THROAT.

WHITE FANG, IN PANIC, SNARLED AND SHOOK AND CLAWED AND THRASHED...
... BUT THE IMMOVABLE BULLDOG HELD FAST.

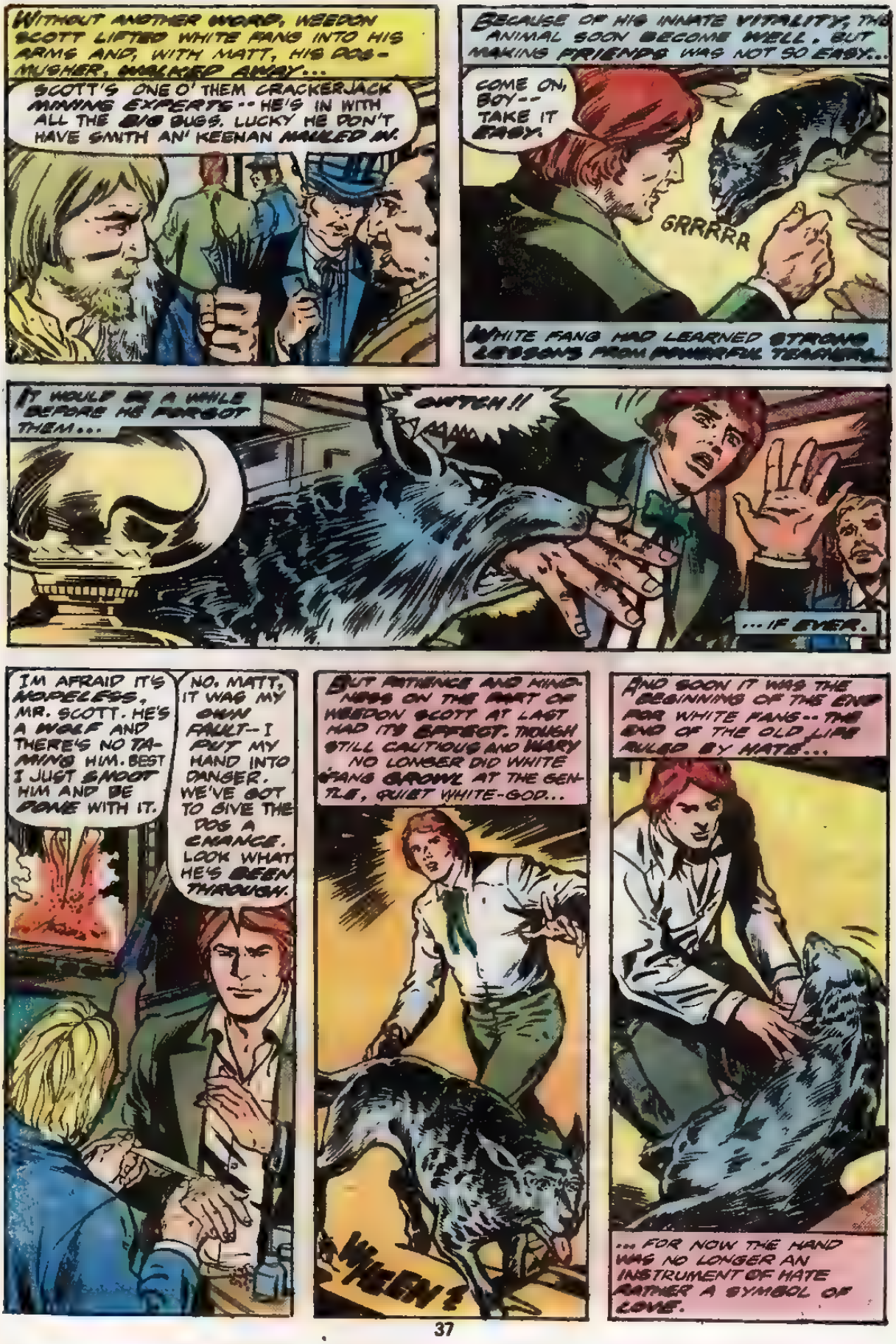

AND WHITE FANG WAS NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO FELT PANIC. BEAUTY SMITH, FEARING THE LOSS OF HIS PRIZE ANIMAL AND A THOUSAND DOLLARS, BEGAN LAUGHING AT WHITE FANG, HOPING TO INCREASE THE HELPLESS ANIMAL'S ANGER...
HA-HA-HA! SOME DOG YOU ARE!! HE'S BEATING YOU! YOU'RE WEAK! DO YOU HEAR--? WEAK! HA-HA-HA-HA-HAH!

IT WORKED. WITH EVER-INCREASING FRENZY, WHITE FANG SHOOK AND SWIRLED -- BUT STILL THE TEETH CLOSED TIGHT.
THE SQUAT BULLDOG COULD NOT BE SHAKEN FREE...


...AND FINALLY, PHYSICAL WEAKNESS BROUGHT WHITE FANG OVER ON HIS SIDE IT LOOKED LIKE THE END...
HOORAY! I GOTTA ADMIT YOU DID LAUGH LOUDER, SMITH -- LOUDER THAN I EVER HEARD ANYONE LAUGH -- BUT I WON! CHEROKEE'S BEAT HIM!!
WHITE FANG AIN'T DEAD YET. WAIT AN' SEE IF HE DON'T COME BACK TO --
HEY!!


GET OUT OF THE WAY, YOU BEASTS! DO YOU REALLY THINK YOU'LL GET AWAY WITH THIS BARBARIC GAME?!
HUH --?!
SO INTENT HAD THE CROWD BEEN ON THE FIGHT, THEY HAD NOT NOTICED THE ARRIVAL OF TWO NEWCOMERS...

THE TWO MEN MARCHED STRAIGHT FOR THE CAGE IN WHICH THE TWO ANIMALS WERE STILL LOCKED...
BETTER NOT SAY NOTHIN' -- I SEEN THAT MAN AFORE. HE'S A FRIEND O' THE GOLD COMMISSIONER.
HEY, JUST WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, MISTER?! AND WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOIN'--?!
THE NAME'S SCOTT-- MEEDON SCOTT, AND I'M WARNING YOU--DON'T TRY TO STOP ME.
YEAH--? DON'T TRY TO STOP YA, HUH? WELL, I GOT NEWS FOR YA: BEAUTY SMITH STOPS ANYBODY WHO TRIES TO--
UHNH--!!
SWAUK!
NOW, MATT, HELP ME PRY THIS BULL-DOG LOOSE.
OKEY, MR. SCOTT-- BETTER THAN HANDLING SOME OF THE OTHER ANIMALS AROUND HERE.
I... I'LL TAKE THAT BULLDOG OFF YOUR HANDS, MISTER...
AS IF HE WEREN'T YOURS IN THE FIRST PLACE! TAKE HIM AND GET OUT OF HERE, YOU YELLOW COWARD-- AND GET GOING FAST!
AS FOR YOU, I ASSUME THE OTHER DOG IS YOURS. HERE'S A HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS FOR HIM--AND YOU'D BETTER ACCEPT IT, OR I'LL HAVE YOU RUN OUT OF DAWSON.
YOU... YOU CAN'T DO THIS--A MAN HAS HIS RIGHTS! THAT DOG'S WORTH A FORTUNE-- I DON'T WANT TO SELL!


WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD, WEEDON SCOTT LIFTED WHITE FANG INTO HIS ARMS AND, WITH MATT, HIS DOG-MUSHER, WALKED AWAY...
SCOTT'S ONE O' THEM CRACKERJACK MINING EXPERTS -- HE'S IN WITH ALL THE BIG BUGS. LUCKY HE DON'T HAVE SMITH AN' KEENAN MAULED IN.
BECAUSE OF HIS INNATE VITALITY, THE ANIMAL SOON BECOME WELL. BUT MAKING FRIENDS WAS NOT SO EASY...
COME ON, BOY -- TAKE IT EASY.
GRRRRR
WHITE FANG HAD LEARNED STRONG LESSONS FROM POWERFUL TEACHERS...
IT WOULD BE A WHILE BEFORE HE FORGOT THEM...
SNITCH!!
...IF EVER.
I'M AFRAID IT'S HOPELESS, MR. SCOTT. HE'S A WOLF AND THERE'S NO TAMING HIM. BEST I JUST SHOOT HIM AND BE DONE WITH IT.
NO, MATT, IT WAS MY OWN FAULT -- I PUT MY HAND INTO DANGER. WE'VE GOT TO GIVE THE DOG A CHANCE. LOOK WHAT HE'S BEEN THROUGH.
BUT PATIENCE AND KINDNESS ON THE PART OF WEEDON SCOTT AT LAST HAD ITS EFFECT. THOUGH STILL CAUTIOUS AND WARY NO LONGER DID WHITE FANG GROWL AT THE GENTLE, QUIET WHITE-GOD...
WHEEN!
AND SOON IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE END FOR WHITE FANG -- THE END OF THE OLD LIFE RULED BY HATE...
...FOR NOW THE HAND WAS NO LONGER AN INSTRUMENT OF HATE RATHER A SYMBOL OF LOVE.

AND FINALLY, LIFE WITH THE NEW LOVE-MASTER BECAME A THING OF GREAT BEAUTY...
GOOD BOY, WHITE FANG -- THAT'S A GOOD FELLOW.
...A THING WHITE FANG HAD NEVER BEFORE EXPERIENCED.
BUT THEN, ONE NIGHT AS HE LAY CURLED UP AT THE DOOR...
...THE OLD LIFE RETURNED TO THREATEN THE NEW.
WHITE FANG BRISTLED INSTANTLY, REMEMBERING ALL THE OLD LESSONS OF HATE AND FEROCITY...
...BUT PUTTING THEM TO GOOD USE THIS TIME, BY TURNING THEM AGAINST THE TEACHER.
POWWRRR
YAAAHHHHH
GOOD LORD! WHAT ON EARTH'S ALL THAT NOISE--?!
SOUNDS LIKE WHITE FANG'S CAUSING SOME KIND OF TROUBLE!
BIOLOGY
SO IT'S YOU, SMITH-- COME TO STEAL WHITE FANG, EH?
WELL, I GUESS YOU GOT HIM-- BUT NOT QUITE THE WAY YOU WANTED HIM!
PLEASE--GET 'IM OFF! LEMME GO! I WON'T DO NOTHIN' EVER AGAIN-- I SWEAR IT!!
I BELIEVE YOU, MR. SMITH-- INDEED I DO.
HA-HA-HA!
YARK! RARF!
WHITE FANG WAS GLAD THAT ONE OF THE MAN-GODS LAUGHED AT THE HATED ONE. IT WAS ALMOST AS GOOD AS TEARING AT HIS THROAT.

AS TIME PASSED, WHITE FANG'S DEVOTION TO HIS MASTER GREW BOUNDLESS. BUT THERE CAME A DAY OF PARTING AND WHITE FANG SENSED THE COMING CALAMITY EVEN BEFORE THERE WAS TANGIBLE EVIDENCE OF IT...
I DO BELIEVE THAT DOG'S GIV TO YOU, MR. SCOTT. A SHAME YOU CAN'T TAKE HIM WITH YOU.
IT'D BE CRUEL TO TAKE HIM TO CALIFORNIA, MATT--AND HE'LL GET THE BEST OF CARE FROM YOU
WHEENN
I ADMIT I'M ALMOST SORRY MY WORK HERE IS DONE, MATT, BUT I DOUBT IF WHITE FANG COULD BE HAPPY ANY-WHERE ELSE--AND IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE HE FORGETS ALL ABOUT ME.
I AIN'T TOO SURE ABOUT THAT MR. SCOTT --NEVER SEEN A DOG MORE FOND OF A MAN.
IN TRUTH, WHITE FANG WAS BROKEN-HEARTED, AND FOR A LONG TIME COULD ONLY HOWL IN MISERY...
HOWOOOOO
THEN HE HEARD THE WHISTLE OF THE RIVERBOAT AURORA...
WHOOOO WHOOOOOO
... AND SOMEHOW, DEEP INSIDE, HE KNEW IT WAS CONNECTED WITH HIS MASTER.
KREESH
LATER, ON THE DOCKS WHERE WHITE FANG HAD LONG AGO GREETED THE NEW MAN-GODS AND THEIR WEAK DOGS...
WELL, GOODBYE, MATT--WRITE TO ME ABOUT WHITE FANG.
SURE WILL, MR. SCOTT, AS SOON AS--
WELL, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE...!
LOOK! UP ON THE RIVERBOAT--!
WELL... I'LL... BE...!

YOUR FACE IS CUT UP, BOY. YOU ... YOU JUMPED RIGHT THROUGH THE WINDOW, DIDN'T YOU?
MATT, IT LOOKS LIKE I'LL BE WRITING TO YOU ABOUT WHITE FANG.
THEN YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE THE DOG WITH YOU AFTER ALL--? WELL, AIN'T THAT SOMETHIN'.
LANDING FROM THE RIVERBOAT IN SAN FRANCISCO, WHITE FANG WAS APPALLED BY THE HUGE CABINS AND WIDE PATHS, ALL MADE OF STONE...
A FAR CRY FROM THE YUKON, EH FELLOW?
BUT A SHORT TRAIN RIDE BROUGHT HIM TO THE MORE FAMILIAR SETTING OF THE COUNTRY ONCE AGAIN...
MOTHER--! DAD!
SON! OH SON, IT'S BEEN SO LONG! HOW ARE YOU--?
THEN HE WITNESSED WHAT HE TOOK TO BE A HOSTILE ACT AGAINST HIS BELOVED MASTER...
JUST FINE, MOTHER, AND HOW ARE--
GNARRR
DOWN, WHITE FANG --DOWN!
IT'S ALL RIGHT, MOTHER--HE THOUGHT YOU WERE HURTING ME.
USA
WELL, PERHAPS I WILL BE PERMITTED TO LOVE MY SON WHEN HIS DOG IS NOT AROUND.
AND WHEN THEY HAD REACHED THE SCOTT ESTATE...
WHERE'S THAT DOG OF YOURS, SON? I THOUGHT HE WAS FOLLOWING THE CARRIAGE.
HE WAS, FATHER. THAT'S FUNNY... HE SELDOM STRAYS FROM ME...

BUT WHITE FANG HAD NOT STRAYED. AS SOON AS THE CARRIAGE HAD NEARED THE ESTATE GROUNDS, HE HAD BEEN SET UPON BY COLLIE, THE SCOTT'S SHEEPDOG, AND RECOGNIZING A FEMALE MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR HIM TO FIGHT BACK...

HE TRIED TO GET PAST BY OUTRUNNING HER, BUT SHE WAS IN THE INNER CIRCLE ALONG THE FENCE AND EASILY BLOCKED HIM.

HIS MASTER'S CARRIAGE HAD DISAPPEARED BEYOND THE FENCE, SO THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TO DO... HE USED THE OLD FIGHTING TRICK OF KNOCKING HER WITH HIS SHOULDER, AND THIS TIME IT WORKED.

BUT NO SOONER HAD HE CLEARED BOTH THE COLLIE AND THE FENCE THAN HE WAS FIERCELY MET BY RICK, A HUGE DEER-HOUND...

GRR

THIS WAS A MYLE, AND SO WHITE FANG BARED HIS TEETH IN AN UGLY SNARL...

GRR

GRRR

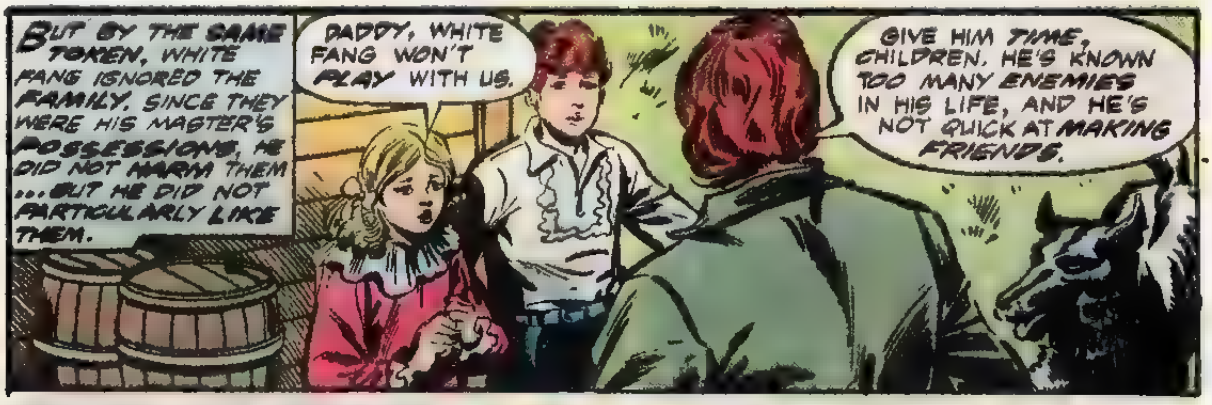
HE SPRANG STRAIGHT AND SWIFT AND WOULD HAVE LAID THE DEER-HOUND'S THROAT WIDE OPEN -- HAD NOT COLLIE RUSHED UPON THE SCENE PLAYING ON HIM THE VERY TRICK HE HAS USED ON HER...

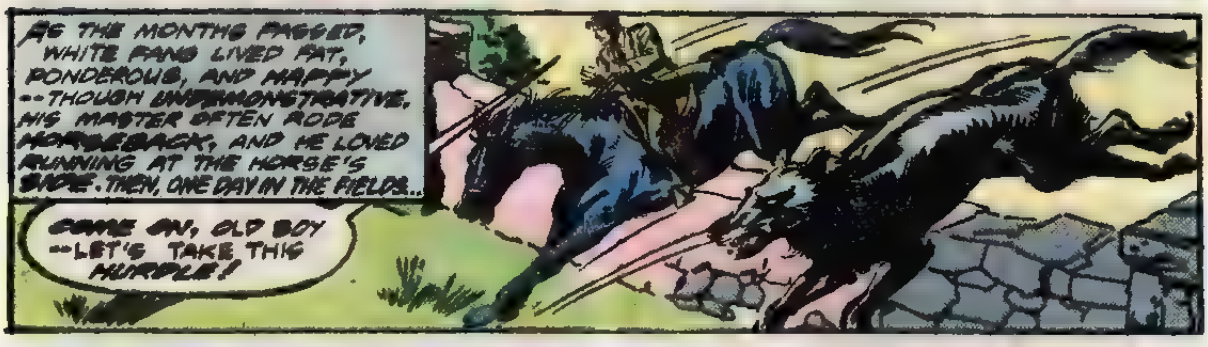
AND SUCH WAS HIS ARRIVAL AT HIS NEW HOME.

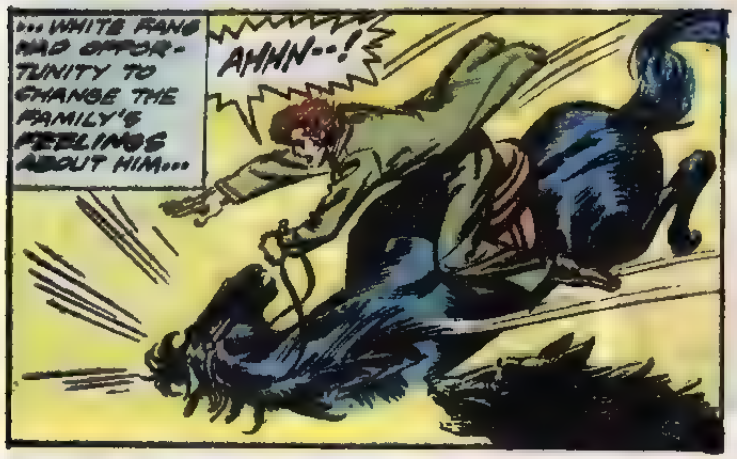
AND EVEN AFTER HE HAD MOVED IN, THE FAMILY WAS SKEPTICAL OF WHITE FANG. THEY DID NOT TRUST SUCH AN OBVIOUS CREATURE OF THE WILD...

GOODNESS, DEAR! I JUST CAN'T HELP IT--THIS BEAST FRIGHTENS ME!

HE'LL SOON GROW TO BE A STAUNCH FRIEND, ALICE HE'S AMONG STRANGERS AND STILL HAS TO LEARN.

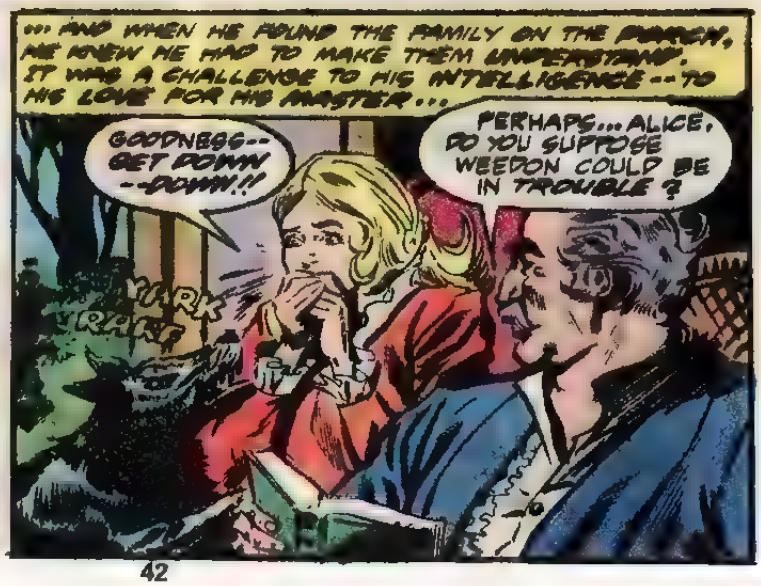

BUT BY THE SAME TOKEN, WHITE FANG IGNORED THE FAMILY. SINCE THEY WERE HIS MASTER'S POSSESSIONS, HE DID NOT HARM THEM ...BUT HE DID NOT PARTICULARLY LIKE THEM.
DADDY, WHITE FANG WON'T PLAY WITH US.
GIVE HIM TIME, CHILDREN. HE'S KNOWN TOO MANY ENEMIES IN HIS LIFE, AND HE'S NOT QUICK AT MAKING FRIENDS.


AS THE MONTHS PASSED, WHITE FANG LIVED FAT, PONDEROUS, AND HAPPY --THOUGH UNDEMONSTRATIVE. HIS MASTER OFTEN RODE HORSEBACK, AND HE LOVED RUNNING AT THE HORSE'S SIDE. THEN, ONE DAY IN THE FIELDS...
COME ON, OLD BOY --LET'S TAKE THIS HURDLE!


...WHITE FANG HAD OPPORTUNITY TO CHANGE THE FAMILY'S FEELINGS ABOUT HIM...
AHHN--!

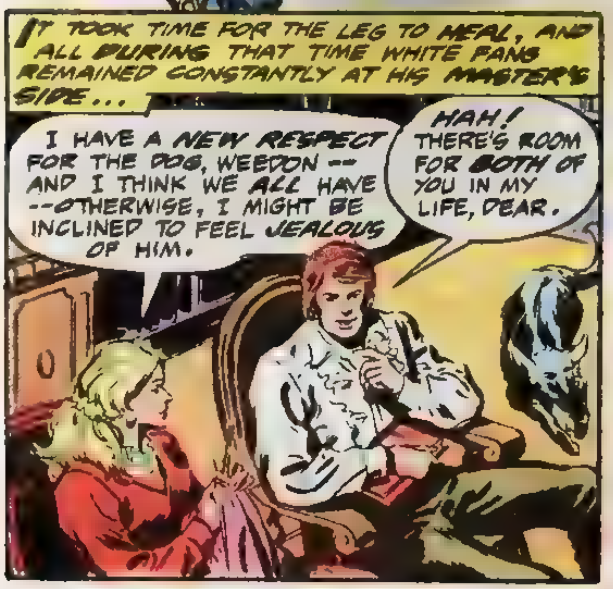
MY LEG-- BROKEN. GO HOME, WHITE FANG --GO HOME.

WHITE FANG RAGED FOR THE HOUSE...

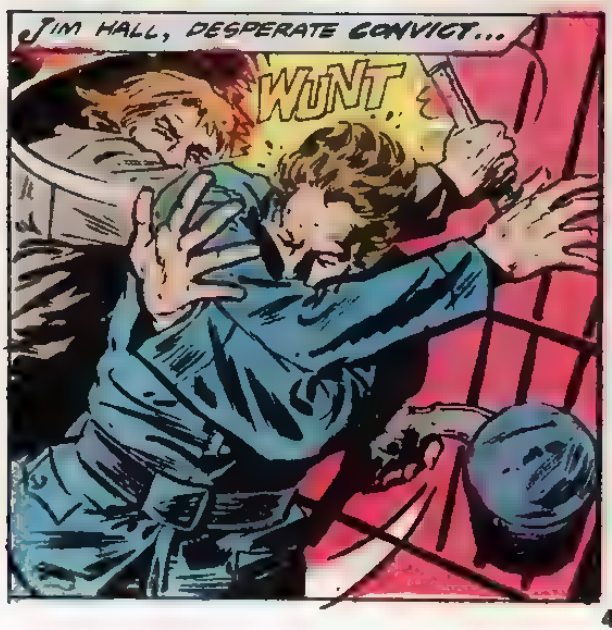

...AND WHEN HE FOUND THE FAMILY ON THE PORCH, HE KNEW HE HAD TO MAKE THEM UNDERSTAND. IT WAS A CHALLENGE TO HIS INTELLIGENCE --TO HIS LOVE FOR HIS MASTER...
GOODNESS-- GET DOWN --DOWN!!
PERHAPS... ALICE, DO YOU SUPPOSE WEEDON COULD BE IN TROUBLE?
SNARK
SNARL

THEY WERE TOO SLOW FOR WHITE FANG'S LIKING, BUT AT LEAST THEY WERE SMART ENOUGH TO UNDERSTAND...
YES, IT CERTAINLY SEEMS LIKE THE DOG IS TRYING TO LEAD US TO WEEDON. SEE, ALICE? THERE'S HIS HORSE!
ALICE -- FATHER! OVER HERE!

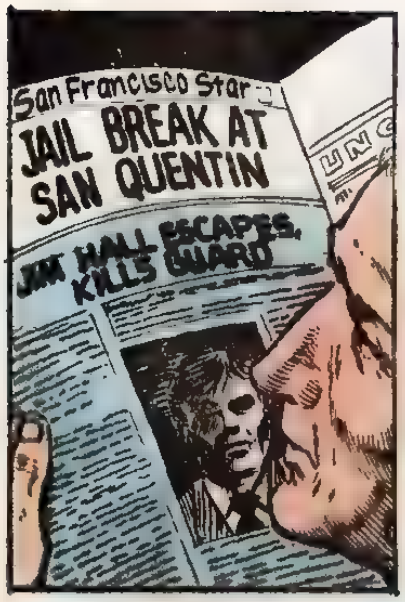
OH DARLING -- THANK HEAVEN WE'VE FOUND YOU! I DON'T THINK I'LL EVER SPEAK ILL OF WHITE FANG AGAIN!
YES, HE'S THE SALT OF THE EARTH, THAT DOG!
RARF! RARF!

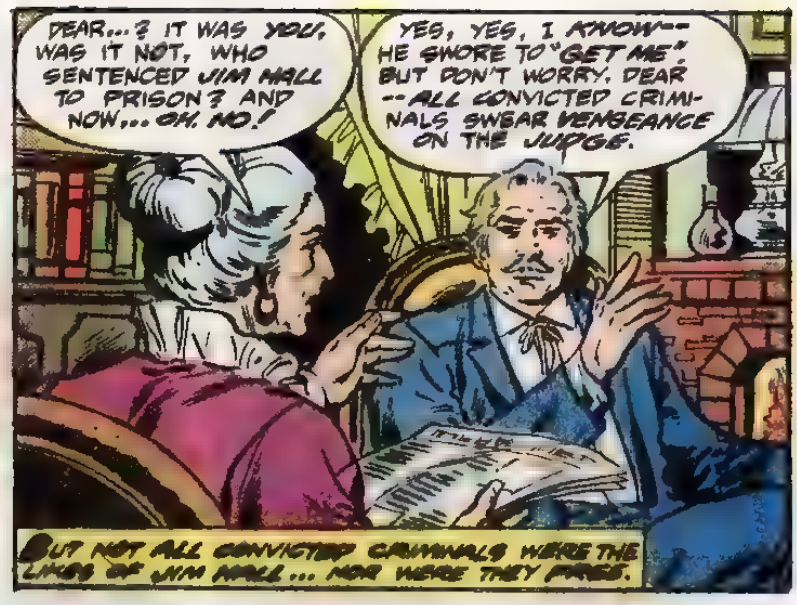

IT TOOK TIME FOR THE LEG TO HEAL, AND ALL DURING THAT TIME WHITE FANG REMAINED CONSTANTLY AT HIS MASTER'S SIDE...
I HAVE A NEW RESPECT FOR THE DOG, WEEDON -- AND I THINK WE ALL HAVE -- OTHERWISE, I MIGHT BE INCLINED TO FEEL JEALOUS OF HIM.
HAH! THERE'S ROOM FOR BOTH OF YOU IN MY LIFE, DEAR.

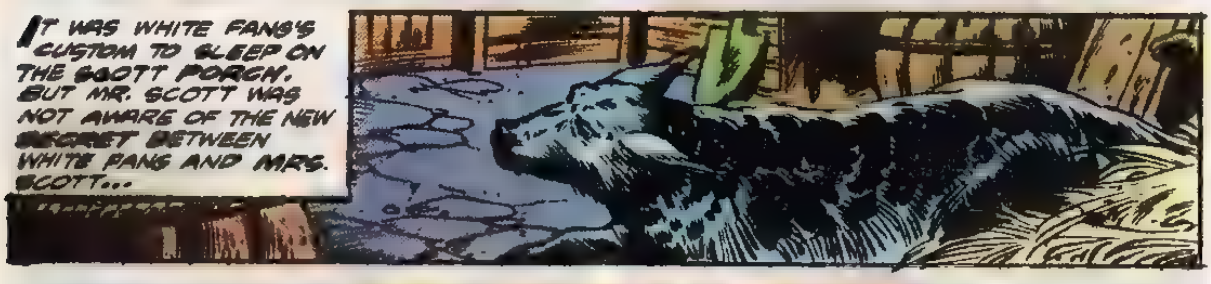
SOME MONTHS LATER, A NEW CHAPTER IN WHITE FANG'S LIFE WAS IN THE MAKING. IT WOULD BE THE MOST DANGEROUS CHARTER THUS FAR...
...AND JIM HALL WOULD HELP TO WRITE IT.

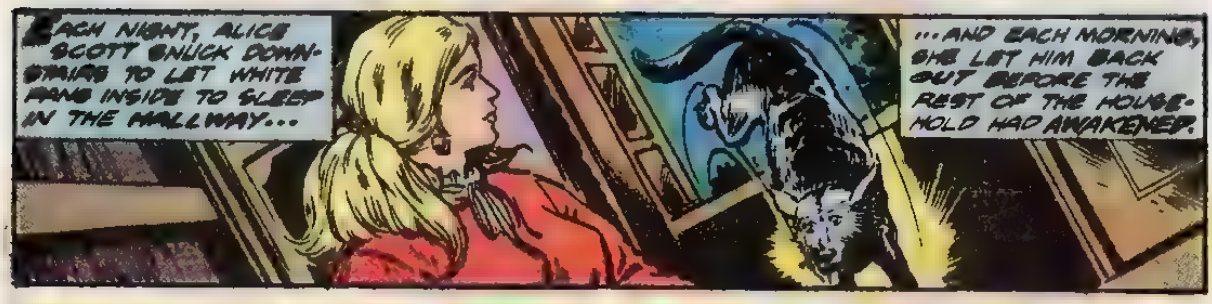

JIM HALL, DESPERATE CONVICT...
WUNT

JIM HALL ... ESCAPED CONVICT.


San Francisco Star
JAIL BREAK AT SAN QUENTIN
JIM HALL ESCAPES, KILLS GUARD

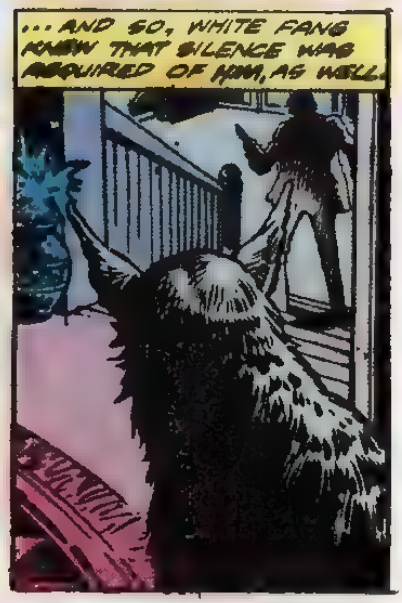

DEAR...? IT WAS YOU, WAS IT NOT, WHO SENTENCED JIM HALL TO PRISON? AND NOW... OH, NO!
YES, YES, I KNOW-- HE SWORE TO "GET ME" BUT DON'T WORRY, DEAR --ALL CONVICTED CRIMINALS SWEAR VENGEANCE ON THE JUDGE.
BUT NOT ALL CONVICTED CRIMINALS WERE THE LIKES OF JIM HALL... NOR WERE THEY FREE.


IT WAS WHITE FANG'S CUSTOM TO SLEEP ON THE SCOTT PORCH. BUT MR. SCOTT WAS NOT AWARE OF THE NEW SECRET BETWEEN WHITE FANG AND MRS. SCOTT...


EACH NIGHT, ALICE SCOTT UNLOCK DOWNSTAIRS TO LET WHITE FANG INSIDE TO SLEEP IN THE HALLWAY...
...AND EACH MORNING, SHE LET HIM BACK OUT BEFORE THE REST OF THE HOUSEHOLD HAD AWAKENED.

IT WAS SOME TIME AFTER HE HAD BEEN LET IN THAT PARTICULAR NIGHT BEFORE HE HEARD UNFAMILIAR SOUNDS...
A SOFT GROWL HOVERED IN HIS THROAT, THEN ABRUPTLY DIED AS HIS NERVES TENSED...

THE INTRUDER WAS TRYING VERY HARD TO BE SILENT...

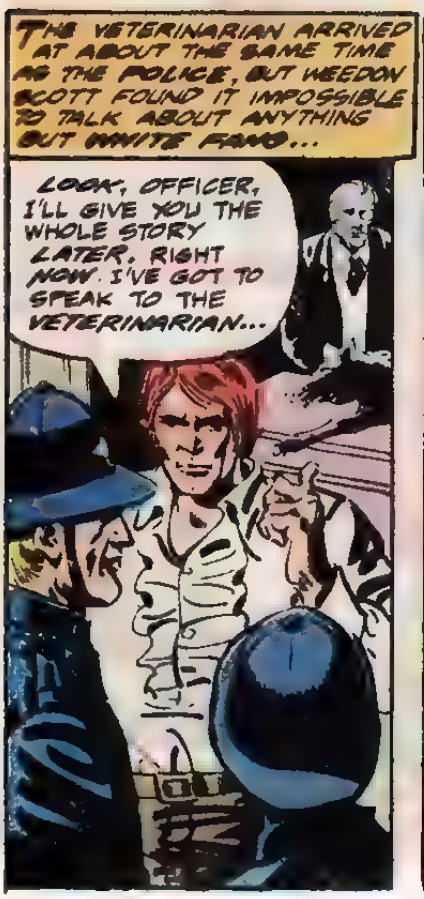

...AND SO, WHITE FANG KNEW THAT SILENCE WAS REQUIRED OF HIM, AS WELL.

UP THE STAIRCASE LED TO THE LOVE-MASTER AND HIS DEAREST POSSESSIONS. THUS, WHEN THE INTRUDER'S FOOT RAISED TO THE FIRST STEP--
--WHITE FANG STRUCK!
WHAA--?
POWRR
THE SUDDEN SHOCK OF THE GUNFIRE AND PAIN CAUSED WHITE FANG TO LOOSEN HIS GRIP MOMENTARILY...
KLNT
BRAM
THUD
WUMP
IT WAS A MISTAKE--
--AND ONE HE WAS DETERMINED HE WOULD NOT MAKE AGAIN.
--HE WOULD NEVER RELEASE HIS GRIP ON THE EVIL ONE. NEVER...
BRAM
BRAM
NO MATTER HOW MUCH PAIN HE RECEIVED; HOW MANY FLASHES OF BLINDING LIGHT OR EXPLOSIONS OF LOUD NOISE CAME INTO HIS FACE--
...UNTIL ONE OF THEM DIED.

WHAT IS IT, WHITE FANG--? WHAT'S GOING ON, BOY?!

GOOD LORD! WHITE FANG HAS STOPPED A BURGLAR --AND IT LOOKS AS THOUGH HE'S DONE FOR, TOO!
A BURGLAR, SON--?

NO--IT'S JIM HALL!! HE WAS COMING TO GET ME--BUT WHITE FANG KILLED HIM!
THEN THE POLICE CAN WAIT--I'LL CALL THE VET FIRST!

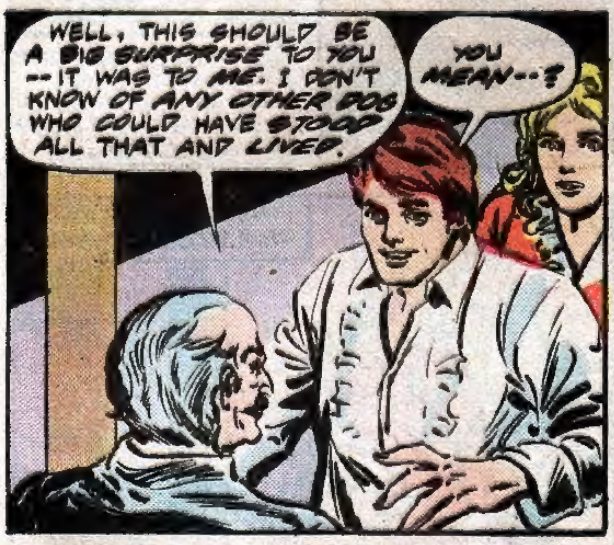

THE VETERINARIAN ARRIVED AT ABOUT THE SAME TIME AS THE POLICE, BUT WEEDON SCOTT FOUND IT IMPOSSIBLE TO TALK ABOUT ANYTHING BUT WHITE FANG...
LOOK, OFFICER, I'LL GIVE YOU THE WHOLE STORY LATER. RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT TO SPEAK TO THE VETERINARIAN...

MASSIVE LOSS OF BLOOD... THREE BULLET HOLES IN HIM... BROKEN LEG... HE HASN'T A CHANCE IN A THOUSAND. NO, NOT EVEN IN TEN THOUSAND.
OH... NO...

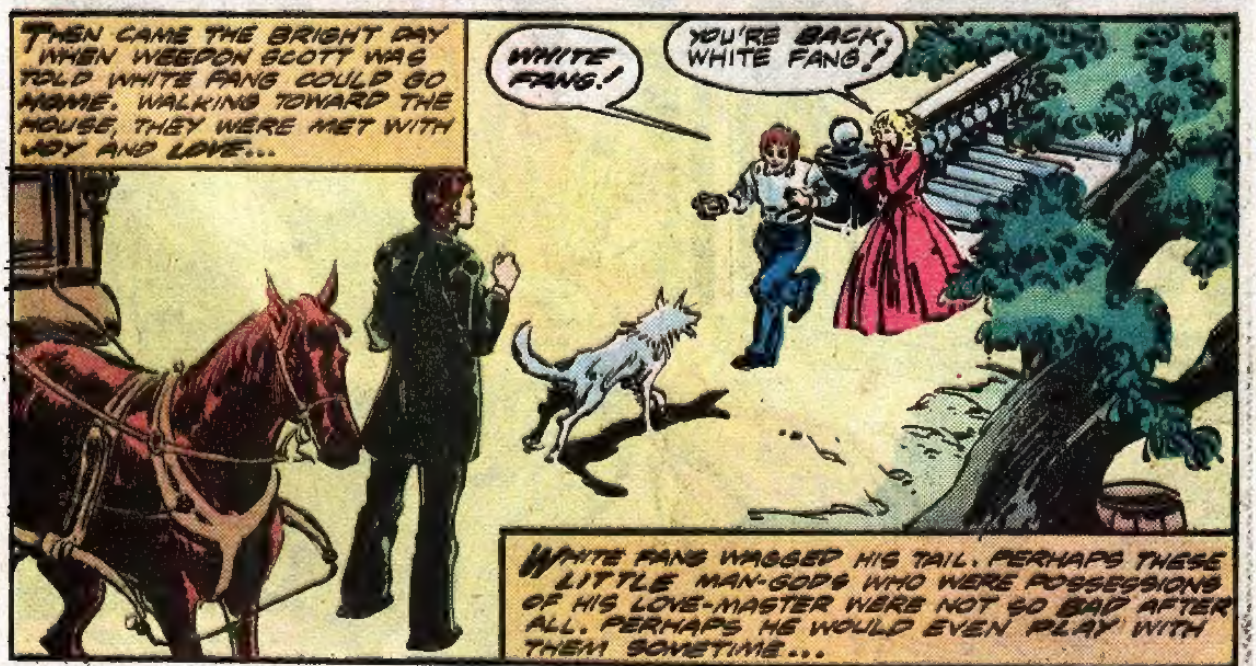
LISTEN, DOCTOR--WE'LL SPARE ABSOLUTELY NO EXPENSE. GET WHATEVER HELP YOU NEED--WHATEVER CONSULTATION--WHATEVER FACILITIES--BUT JUST TRY TO SAVE THAT ANIMAL!
VERY WELL... BUT I'M WARNING YOU, IT'S A WASTE OF TIME AND MONEY.

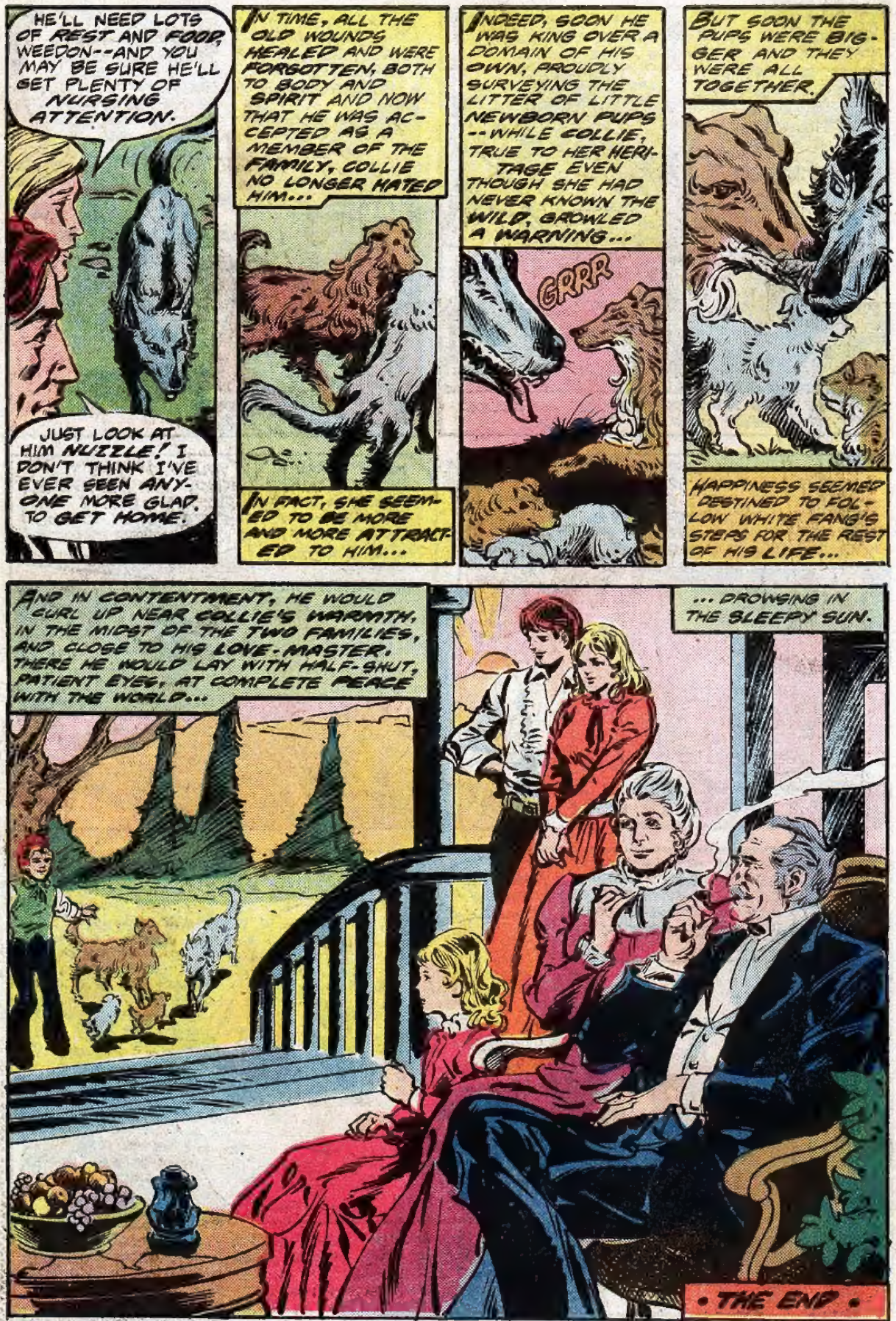
THE VETERINARIAN PREPARED IMMEDIATE SURGERY TO EXTRACT THE BULLETS AND SET THE BROKEN HIND LEG...
THERE WAS NOTHING ELSE HE COULD DO. THE REST WAS UP TO FATE.

TO THINK OF THE THINGS I ONCE SAID ABOUT HIM. OH, WEEDON...!
DON'T FEEL THAT WAY, ALICE. WHITE FANG KNEW ONLY WHAT PEOPLE TAUGHT HIM, BUT HE WAS HAPPY HERE WITH YOU... WITH US.


WELL, THIS SHOULD BE A BIG SURPRISE TO YOU --IT WAS TO ME. I DON'T KNOW OF ANY OTHER DOG WHO COULD HAVE STOOD ALL THAT AND LIVED.
YOU MEAN--?

YES, I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT--NOT A BIT --NO REASON FOR IT-- BUT THE OPERATION WAS SUCCESSFUL.
YOU JUST DON'T KNOW WHITE FANG, DOCTOR--BUT I SURE AM GLAD YOU KNOW MEDICINE!


THEN CAME THE BRIGHT DAY WHEN WEEDON SCOTT WAS TOLD WHITE FANG COULD GO HOME. WALKING TOWARD THE HOUSE, THEY WERE MET WITH JOY AND LOVE...
WHITE FANG!
YOU'RE BACK, WHITE FANG!
WHITE FANG WAGGED HIS TAIL. PERHAPS THESE LITTLE MAN-GODS WHO WERE POSSESSIONS OF HIS LOVE-MASTER WERE NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL. PERHAPS HE WOULD EVEN PLAY WITH THEM SOMETIME...


HE'LL NEED LOTS OF REST AND FOOD, WEEDON--AND YOU MAY BE SURE HE'LL GET PLENTY OF NURSING ATTENTION.
JUST LOOK AT HIM NUZZLE! I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER SEEN ANY-ONE MORE GLAD TO GET HOME.
IN TIME, ALL THE OLD WOUNDS HEALED AND WERE FORGOTTEN, BOTH TO BODY AND SPIRIT AND NOW THAT HE WAS AC-CEPTED AS A MEMBER OF THE FAMILY, COLLIE NO LONGER HATED HIM...
IN FACT, SHE SEEM-ED TO BE MORE AND MORE ATTRACT-ED TO HIM...
INDEED, SOON HE WAS KING OVER A DOMAIN OF HIS OWN, PROUDLY SURVEYING THE LITTER OF LITTLE NEWBORN PUPS --WHILE COLLIE, TRUE TO HER HERI-TAGE EVEN THOUGH SHE HAD NEVER KNOWN THE WILD, GROWLED A WARNING...
GRRR
BUT SOON THE PUPS WERE BIG-GER AND THEY WERE ALL TOGETHER.
HAPPINESS SEEMED DESTINED TO FOL-LOW WHITE FANG'S STEPS FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE...
AND IN CONTENTMENT, HE WOULD CURL UP NEAR COLLIE'S WARMTH, IN THE MIDST OF THE TWO FAMILIES, AND CLOSE TO HIS LOVE-MASTER. THERE HE WOULD LAY WITH HALF-SHUT, PATIENT EYES, AT COMPLETE PEACE WITH THE WORLD...
... DROWSING IN THE SLEEPY SUN.
• THE END •

ON SALE NOW!

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